



No. 513.—VOL. XL.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1902.

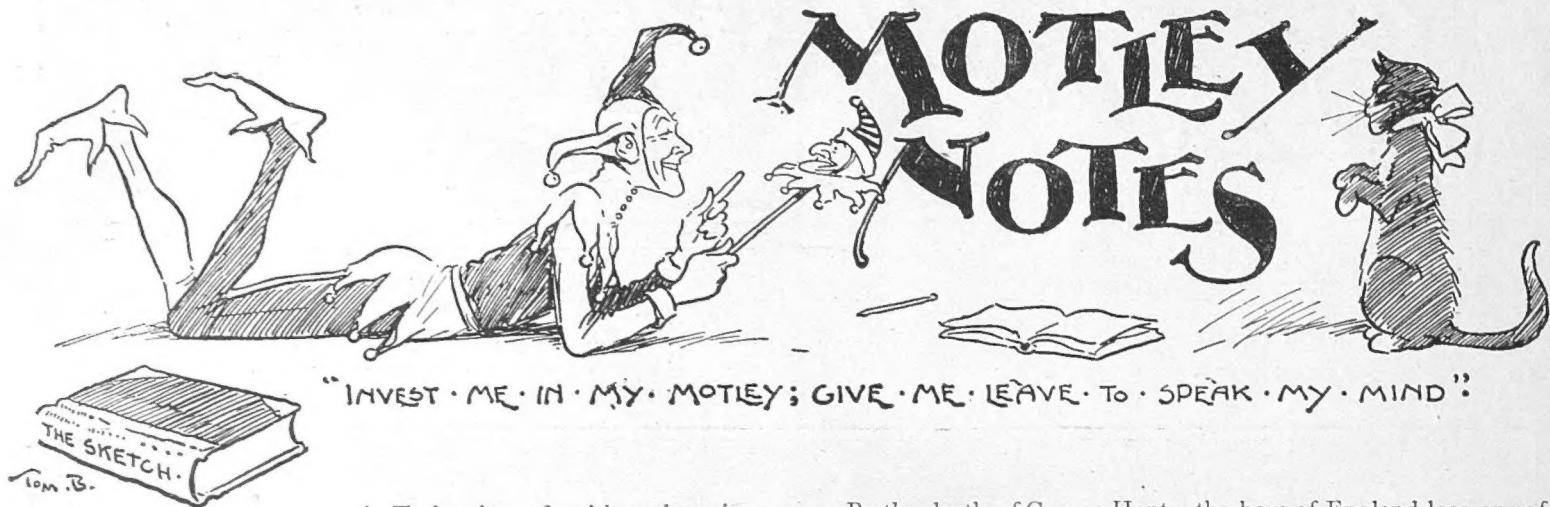
SIXPENCE.



MISS AGNES FRASER,

THE POPULAR SAVOYARD WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN MARRIED TO MR. WALTER PASSMORE.

Photographed for "The Sketch." (See Page 235.)



AT the time of writing, the principal subject of conversation is the severity of the weather. This state of things is not so much due to a paucity of ideas on the part of the talkers as the fact that the weather affects one's every action and one's every thought. It is well known that a sunny morning will send up prices on the Stock Exchange, and it has been proved to the satisfaction of statisticians that a continued spell of wet weather results in an unusual crop of murders. I have often noticed, too, that a thick fog will throw the Londoner off his balance altogether. If he be a melancholy man, it exhilarates him; a jovial man, it depresses him. And I am sure there is nothing more demoralising than a continued spell of hot weather. When the thermometer registers eighty-something in the shade, the most careful and methodical people will call recklessly for iced drinks and omit to take a ticket before getting into a railway-train. Cold weather, on the contrary, rather tends to brace up the moral tone. Many a sinner, during the last few days, has found himself turning into some nice warm church.

As a small boy, I used to get quite a glow of enthusiasm when I suddenly realised, about the middle of December, that we were getting near to Christmas. This exultation lasted, as a rule, until about four o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Day. If I went to church in the evening, there was a sort of flickering revival engendered by the Christmas hymns, but the festival was really over, so far as I was concerned, after the dinner had been eaten and the presents opened. I remember that I never seemed to come off so well as my brothers with regard to Christmas presents; perhaps that accounted for my sudden loss of interest in the occasion. However, I still get a glow of Christmas enthusiasm, the only difference being that it now comes over me about the middle of November instead of in the middle of December. The prematurity of the feeling makes me cross, but it is not my fault; it is the fault of the people who bring out their Christmas Numbers in the middle of the Fog Month. I don't object to the last week in November so much, but the ideal time for the publication of a Christmas Number is the First of December. The month of December is sacred to the festival of Christmas; I can never quite disassociate the month of November from the solemn period of Advent.

In the meantime, Christmas Numbers or no Christmas Numbers, the torrent of new novels still rushes down upon and well-nigh overwhelms the battered and gasping reviewer. Whoever it was who first said that every man has one novel in him ought to be led out into some open place and given over to the infuriated crowds of reviewers who have been trying to cope with the result of the remark ever since it was made. For, had he reflected one moment, he would have seen that, if every man can write one novel, every woman can write at least six. Anyhow, the women saw it at once, and have tried their best to live up to the dictum. One would have thought that the third or fourth disappointment would have checked the ordinary amateur, but nothing of the sort occurs. The fact of the matter is that they are quite content to go on writing bad novels so long as the papers will go on reviewing them, and, as the majority of the papers have quite made up their minds to review every book that is priced at six shillings, quite irrespective of the literary worth of the thing, the flood is likely to swell in volume rather than to subside.

By the death of George Henty, the boys of England lose one of the best friends they ever had. Henty was more than a thrilling writer; he was a fine man in every sense of the word, and he managed to get his manliness into everything that he wrote. One has always a kindly thought for the authors whose books one enjoyed at school. I remember cherishing a passionate admiration for Talbot Baines Reed, author of "The Fifth Form of St. Dominic's" and many other splendid stories in the *Boy's Own Paper*. Another of my literary heroes was Manville Fenn, who is still to the fore and still has his hosts of admirers. No one will ever be able to estimate how much such men as Talbot Baines Reed and Henty and Manville Fenn have done to educate and improve the present generation of young Englishmen. Kipling, with his fine cry of Imperialism, has accomplished splendid work, but the authors that I have mentioned undoubtedly paved the way for Kipling. Very gently, very respectfully, do I lay my wreath on the grave of George Henty.

The writer of the able "Books and Bookmen" column in the *Daily Mail* had something to say in last Friday's issue about the recent craze for anonymity in literature. I refer to it as the recent craze because I fancy that the anonymous book is about to be superseded by the Milk-and-Water Library. The first to contribute to the new series was no less a personage than The Rudyard Kipling; then came Mr. Barrie with his incoherent "Little White Bird"; and now we have Mr. Ian Maclaren with "His Majesty Baby." I have not yet seen the last-named volume, but I gather from the title that Mr. Maclaren means to be in the fashion. Please don't run away with the idea that I am not fond of children and am therefore unable to appreciate these tributes to the innocents of the world. On the contrary, I have spent many a delightful hour weaving extravagant romances of fairies and giants for the benefit of a nursery public whose average ages did not exceed seven years. My vanity was also flattered when I found that the stories were appreciated and had to be repeated. But, by my troth, I never had the temerity to make a book of the things. I was satisfied to know that Lewis Carroll had covered the ground once and for all.

Most people, I suppose, would admit that the clerks of our big hotels are among the most wide-awake men in London. Again, since any American is supposed to be proportionately smarter than any Englishman, one would naturally expect to find an American hotel-clerk just the 'cutest' thing moving around. It is with vast surprise, therefore, that I read in an American paper of a simple little bluff that was successfully "put up" on the hall-porter of an hotel which is at present sheltering a well-known English comedian. It seems that a man with a pronounced Cockney accent—a subtle compliment this!—telephoned through to the hotel, saying that he was the comedian, and would the clerk pay for some shirts which he had bought and was sending round to the hotel. A young man appeared soon after with a package done up in paper, and presented a bill for thirty-six dollars. The money was paid, but when the actor came in he was surprised to find any package waiting for him. The clerk was still more surprised to discover that the parcel was made up of old rags. And yet, within a few days, the same trick was again worked at the same hotel on the same clerk. I fancy that I am merely wasting my time in London.

"Chicst"



AT THE CYCLE SHOW.

FAIR CUSTOMER : And please remember that I never ride without having a *bell* on the machine.
SAUCY SALESMAN (*who has been to Boulogne*) : Ah ! Cela va sans dire, Madame !

THE CLUBMAN.

"Bon Voyage!" to Mr. Chamberlain—The Waziris—Lieutenant-Colonel Tonnochy and the 3rd Sikhs.

M R. CHAMBERLAIN starts on his journey to South Africa with the good wishes of the whole of Great Britain and of Greater Britain, and the sound common-sense which acts as an Englishman's ballast has prompted us all, whether we be of one Party or another in politics, to wish him every success in his embassy, for an embassy it is, though it is sent to our own people. Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's own town, where he has fought his fiercest battles, struck the note with which Great Britain and all who wish her well are in tune to-day. Some of the Minister's keenest political opponents were present at the banquet given him to assure him of the goodwill of Birmingham on the eve of his departure, and no man could appreciate the compliment more thoroughly or express his thanks more sincerely than Mr. Chamberlain did. In his speech he remarked that he never bore personal animosity to any man, and it is this absence of any vindictiveness which makes his pacific mission possible, and which gives to our foreign critics the astonishing spectacle of the man who, in their opinion, was more answerable than anyone else for the War going out to

COMMANDER HALSEY, OF THE
"GOOD HOPE."

Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.

South Africa, with the full confidence of his fellow-countrymen, to see what can be done to heal the wounds and bring together the antagonistic races into a united nation living under the Union Jack. We Englishmen know Mr. Chamberlain far better than any foreign critics do, and whether we be of his Party and look at him through a magnifying-glass, or whether we be his opponents and gaze at him through the other end of the telescope, we all recognise his directness of aim, the sound common-sense he brings to bear on Imperial questions, his marvellous power of getting through work and of sucking men's brains; and we know that, if any man is able on the spot to disentangle the wonderful coil of South African affairs, that man is Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Milner will welcome heartily the advent of the Minister for the Colonies, and so Mr. Chamberlain starts with goodwill from all Britons and hearty hopes that he will be successful in his self-imposed task.

The little wars on the North-West Frontier are always prolific of unexpected incidents. I once heard a great General say that he attributed his career of unbroken success to the fact that he had always taken part in operations on a big scale, for, he said, it is in the little hill expeditions that the heaviest losses occur in proportion to the numbers employed, and it is in these expeditions that a Commander is likely to lose his guns. A tower with six men in it was the cause of the temporary check to one of the columns in the punitive expedition against a section of the Waziris, and, before the tower was stormed and the six men killed like rats in a trap, Colonel Val Tonnochy, one of the coming men of the Indian Service, was mortally wounded, and Captain White, of his regiment, the 3rd Sikhs, killed. A tumbler turned upside-down resembles in shape a Pathan tower. They are made of mud and stones, are proof against all rifle-fire and the shells of any mountain-battery, and they are built on stony spurs and peaks which command the only possible line of advance up the valleys and are immensely difficult of access. A Waziri any day may have to take to his tower and, with his immediate kinsmen, hold it against an armed force, for, when the common cause of a fight against the British does not induce the various sections of the clan to make common cause, there is always some interesting inter-tribal fighting and cattle-stealing

going on; and, when the clan and its neighbours are all at peace, every family takes up a blood-feud—which is as necessary a possession to a Pathan as a good rifle is—and an uncle goes out to snipe a nephew, or cousins butcher each other in cold blood.

Thus, a hillman's tower on the North-West Frontier of India is always in good repair, and great ingenuity is shown in the detail of fortification. A Waziri, when a superior force is brought against him, does not, as a rule, put himself in a position from which there is no retreat. He believes in the old adage which begins "He that fights and runs away," and when he has inflicted all possible loss on his attacking enemy he does not wait to be killed; but the six men who held the tower were outlaws, and doubtless were some of those ruffians who had made a punitive expedition necessary. The clan gathering, or "punchayet," would be likely to point out their responsibilities to the outlaws, and would also tell them a tale much in favour on the Border, and very comforting to the owners of towers, how a British column once marched into the Waziri country, bombarded a tower which blocked the pass near Gumatti, made no impression on it, and then marched out again. No doubt, Sailgi, who headed the band of six, knew that he had to fight to the bitter end, and the tale of the stand he made will be sung shrilly through the nose to a most doleful air in all the bazaars on the Border. The Sikhs, when they return to the sandy plains watered by the many rivers, will have stirring tales to tell of their dead Colonel, who charged so often and so fiercely with the 4th and the 3rd. He began his campaigning experiences in the Waziri country in '81, he rushed a Burmese stockade in the advance to Mandalay, he was severely wounded in the storming of the Malakand Pass, and, at the head of the 3rd Sikhs, he earned equal glory with the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai, where the great men of the Indian plains and the men of the Scottish hills charged together up the desperate heights.

There are few more unpleasant forms of fortification than an Indian hill-fort to storm. There is always a climb under fire up a slope that looks only practicable for goats; then some obstructions, generally a double thorn-fence, to clear; then a rush over open ground, and when the door which has to be blown in is reached, lead and boiling water is showered down from a rough Machicolis gallery above. The man who leads a storming-party against a hill-fort rarely escapes without a dangerous wound, and Captain White, who so gallantly led the Sikhs, lost his life at the head of his company.



THE "GOOD HOPE" READY TO SAIL.

Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.



MR. H. B. IRVING AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

ACT III.—IN THE HUT: A LOVE-SCENE BETWEEN CRICHTON, THE EX-BUTLER, AND LADY MARY LASENBY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W. (See also Pages 212, 213.)

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A LETTER FROM SPAIN.

I HAVE received a letter from Madrid (writes a correspondent), in which I read that considerable pressure was exerted to keep Señor Sagasta at the head of affairs, and that his prolonged stay there is unlikely. From politics my friend goes on to tell me of sport, which has been very good indeed on some of the big Spanish estates. At Mudela, for example, on the preserves of the Conde de Valdelgrana, eight guns in three days' partridge-shooting had nearly five hundred birds a-day, a bag that would do credit to Cambridgeshire, and from many other parts of the country successful fixtures are reported, some of the sport among wild-fowl being quite exceptional. Preservation of game is not understood in Spain as it is in Great Britain, but estates are very large and very wild, poaching is not a fine art, and fur and feather thrive under the hot sun that shines with so good a grace all through the year. Partridges are particularly plentiful.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

SINCE his Accession the Sovereign has had no week so filled with important engagements as that which saw the King of Portugal entertained at Windsor Castle. Indeed, so many were His Majesty's engagements that he was compelled to hold a Privy Council in the evening, a most unusual occurrence. In spite of the bitter weather, the two Kings

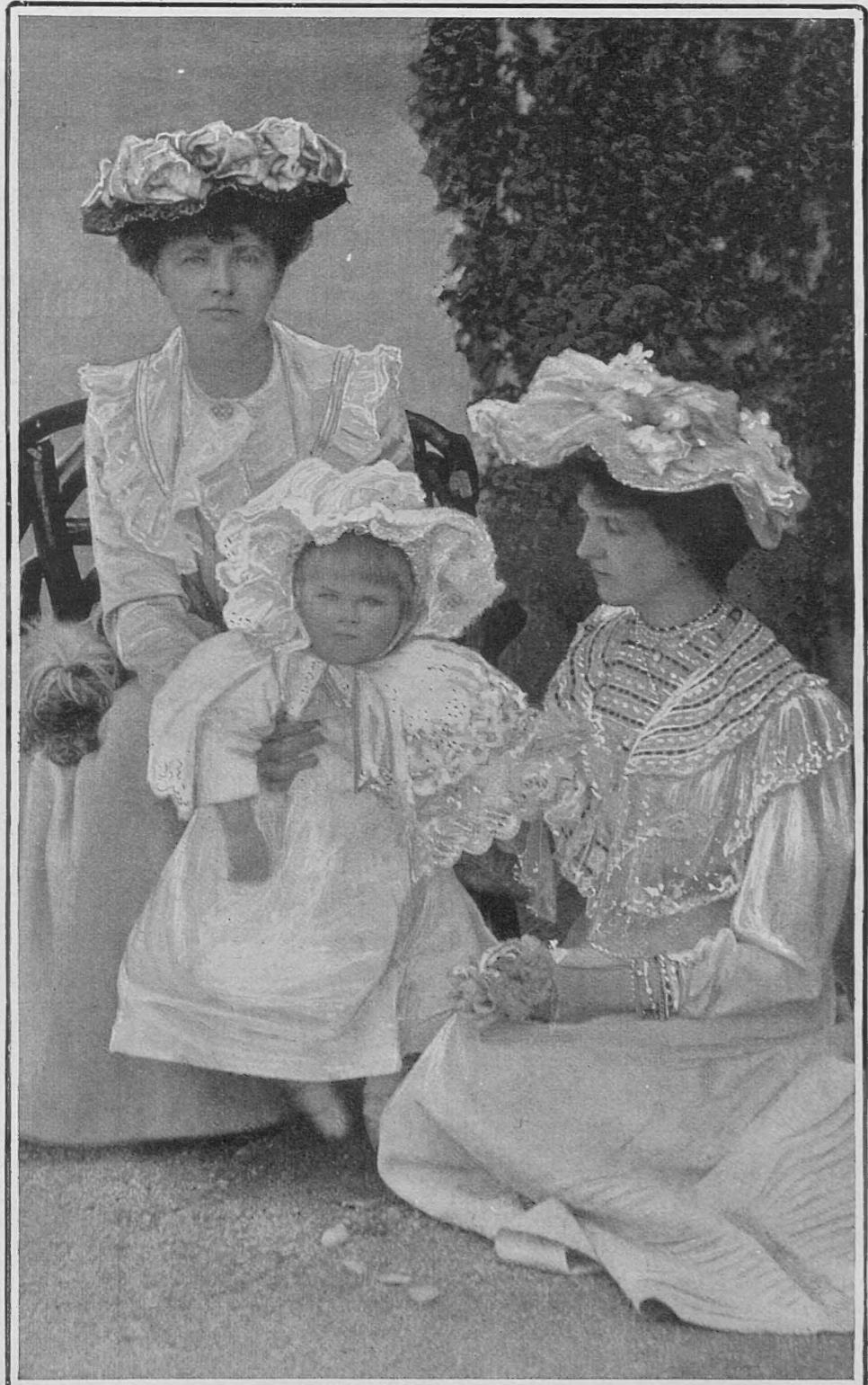
were out early and late, enjoying very good sport. The King of Portugal is making quite an exceptionally long stay in this country. After being entertained in right splendid fashion by Lord and Lady Iveagh, and by Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney, in Norfolk, His Majesty will probably spend a few days at Buckingham Palace. During his absence from Portugal, Queen Marie Amélie is acting as Regent of the Kingdom.

"Gentlemen, The Queen!" On Monday (Dec. 1) the most popular Queen Consort the world has ever seen celebrates her birthday. Next March, Queen Alexandra will have shared the joys and sorrows of the British Empire during forty years, and though other Royal personages have seen the affection with which they were regarded sometimes wane and change its character, the gracious lady who became on a certain historic tenth of March the wife of Queen Victoria's Heir-Apparent has become more beloved and more venerated as the years have worn themselves away. The Queen will spend her birthday surrounded by her children and grandchildren, and, as she naturally prefers to do, in privacy; but the fact that this is the first "Queen's Birthday" celebrated since the Coronation makes the festival of special interest to King Edward's people.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The King's kindly and sympathetic nature has never been more markedly evinced than in the case of the death of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. In the midst of his State functions he found an opportunity of paying a visit to the house of mourning in Portland Place and condoling personally with the widowed Princess. From her he learned the funeral arrangements, and immediately commanded full military honours to be paid to the memory of the dead Field-Marshal. Finding he could not attend the obsequies in person, he commanded the Prince of Wales to journey to town from Yorkshire and attend as his representative.

The Palace of Belem. There are persistent rumours in Lisbon that King Carlos of Portugal has asked King Edward to pay him a visit at Lisbon next spring, and that the Palace of Belem is to be renovated and re-decorated for the occasion. Those who have been over Belem will agree that re-decoration will be greatly needed before a King can be housed in it. The Palace of Belem is what remains of an old Moorish castle, and gets its present name of Belem, or Bethlehem, from the old church and convent close by. Vasco da Gama sailed from Belem in 1497, and in the church are buried Catherine of Braganza, Vasco da Gama, and Camoens. The place is connected with Lisbon by a tramway, and the Palace, in which the King was lodged when he came back from India in 1876, is a very simple country mansion.

Nowadays, when eternal youth seems the portion of so many grandmothers, such a group as that which we are able to present, showing three generations—Lady Mackenzie, her pretty daughter Lady Kilmarnock, and the latter's baby son, who will in all probability live to bear the fine old Scottish title of Earl of Erroll—is charming from every point of view. The wife of Sir Allan Mackenzie has been ever since her marriage one of the most popular of Deeside hostesses. The marriage of Miss Mackenzie to Lord Kilmarnock was one in which our Royal Family took a deep and friendly interest, and on the birth of the son and heir the young couple received many Royal congratulations.



THREE GENERATIONS: LADY ALLAN MACKENZIE OF GLEN MUICK, LADY KILMARNOCK, AND THE LATTER'S INFANT SON, THE FUTURE EARL OF ERROLL.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Lordly Lowther. Round Lowther Castle, south of Penrith, where the German Emperor has been staying with Lord Lonsdale, the country was once a deer-forest, the Crown Forest of Inglewood. It stretched from Eden Valley to Solway Marshes, and for many years the stags were in charge of the monks of Holme Cultram Abbey, who were allowed to take timber from the forest in return for their labours. The stags were of great haunch and head, and they did so much damage to the farmers' crops that Edward III. gave the people of Penrith grazing rights in the forest by way of compensation. The Manor of Inglewood came into the hands of the Dukes of Portland and Devonshire at a later date, and Inglewood was not disforested until the early years of the nineteenth century. In the Martindale country, which the Dalemain pack hunted when Inglewood was no longer a forest, an ancestress of Lord Lonsdale used to attend the meet in a coach-and-four, with outriders, creating a great sensation among the assembled sportsmen.

An Excellent Christmas Number. The great Academy picture by Marcus Stone, R.A., which caused so much comment at Burlington House this year, has been admirably reproduced in colours, and, under the title "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," forms the Supplement to the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News*, to whose proprietors the original painting belongs. It is typical of the famous artist's best work, and cannot fail to be extremely popular. The other attractions of the number are well up to the high standard which we have learnt to expect from the pioneer of illustrated newspapers.

Stories and pictures are alike excellent. Flora Annie Steel contributes a characteristic story, "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh"; "Q," "The Mazed Election," a tale of 1768; and Mrs. Campbell Praed, "The Luck of the Leura." The artists who have contributed to the undoubted success of the number as a whole include R. Caton Woodville, F. H. Townsend, A. Forester, Allan Stewart, and Lucien Davis, R.I. Altogether, the issue is one of the best shilling numbers procurable this year. It is now on sale.

A smart party of well-known folk will be present at the opening of the Great Dam at Assouan, and Sir Ernest Cassel, to whom this wonderful enterprise owes so much, will act as host to, among others, Mr. and Mrs. Rochefort Maguire; the latter's brother, Mr. Sidney Peel, who will probably write an account of the function; and Mrs. George Keppel. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will, of course, play leading parts in the ceremony and will be surrounded by a brilliant Staff.

The Assouan Dam. Not so many years ago, the Nile, except in its lower reaches, was the happy home of the "river-horse" and the guileless crocodile. But things have been moving at an astonishing rate since those days, for not only is there now a regular service of well-appointed steam-boats, but palatial hotels have arisen on the banks of old Father Nile. The latest is the new Savoy Hotel (Shades of the Pharaohs!), situated on the finest part of the Island of Elephantine, Assouan, lighted entirely by electricity, and with every modern convenience. This is the property of the Anglo-American Nile Steamer and Hotel Company, whose fine boat, the *Puritan*, will run a special trip for the opening of the Great Dam, on Dec. 10, in the presence of the Khedive, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and many representatives of the two Governments. The steamer leaves Cairo on the 2nd of December, in order to allow of tourists visiting the many places of interest *en route*, and its fortunate passengers will, in addition, witness one of the greatest and most interesting inaugurations of modern times. The Company's offices are at 72, Regent Street, W.

General Egerton. The Commander of the expedition against the Waziris, Major-General Egerton, C.B., D.S.O., belongs to the Indian Staff Corps and is an Aide-de-Camp to the King. He entered the Army in 1867 as an Ensign in the 76th Foot, and in 1901 was officiating in command of the Punjab, with the rank

of Lieutenant-General. He has seen a good deal of service since the Afghan War of 1879, when he accompanied Lord Roberts in his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, for in 1888 he was Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Hazara Expedition, and served in the two Miranzai Expeditions; in 1891 as A.A.G. again; in 1894-95 he was in command of a brigade with the Waziristan Field Force, under Sir William Lockhart; and in 1896 he commanded the Indian Contingent at Suakin, under Lord Kitchener. The following year he was again under Sir William Lockhart, on the North-West Frontier of India, in command of the Tochi Field Force. Altogether, the General conducting our latest little war has a very brilliant record.

Whistling in Church.

In America they are always making innovations which to our more reverent sense in England are somewhat startling. At a wedding held at Danbury, U.S.A., not long ago, a Miss Mallory whistled "The Angels' Serenade" during the marriage ceremony, much to the contentment of her audience. It will probably be some time before a similar accompaniment to a sacrament of the Church is permitted at a fashionable wedding in London.

Queen Helena of Italy.

The place where Queen Helena was staying when the little Princess Mafalda was born last week is a delightful country-house near Pisa, called Cascine di San Rossore. It is the first time the King and Queen have stayed at this place, which is an old house, of no great size, standing in a pine-wood. The seashore is within easy reach by the King's motor-car, and the King frequently makes an excursion to the seaside, as he is very fond of watching the fishermen casting their nets by hand. When it was announced that the King and Queen were to stop at Cascine, the Mayor of Pisa forbade the public to make use of the pine-woods, but, as soon as the King heard of this, he requested the Mayor to withdraw the prohibition.



MARCUS STONE, R.A., PAINTING THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS PLATE, ENTITLED "ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."

Photograph by E. H. Mills, Hampstead.

General can be counted among the Boer leader's forbears. This was an Alsatian named Botha, who was appointed by Louis XVI. an officer in the infantry and a Chevalier de Saint-Louis. When the Revolution broke out, this Botha was made a General, and served with Hoche in his earlier campaigns, until he was killed in battle in 1795.

Arditi and Sousa. I am told that Signor Luigi Arditi has just completed a new vocal waltz for Sousa, and may even conduct it when the victorious maker of marches comes to town again. When one remembers the perennial popularity of Arditi's "Il Bacio" and "Se Seran Rose" the wisdom of Mr. Sousa's action in securing his services cannot be doubted, but what shall be said of the industry and pluck of the veteran composer and conductor who, with his eightieth year behind him, is still active? Signor Arditi is now living at Brighton, and I suppose the invigorating breezes and Madame Arditi's unceasing care avail to keep him young and energetic, despite those eighty summers. I am certain that his friends in the Old World as in the New will have the kindest wishes for his success, and that, if he makes another appearance on the public platform, his welcome will prove that music-lovers have not forgotten their debt to him. By the way, the new vocal waltz is to be called "Felicia," and King Edward has accepted the dedication.

Messrs. Alexander Baird and Son, of the Kelvinbridge Stationery Works, Glasgow, are producing some very beautiful specimens of Christmas cards for the coming season. A special feature is the "Golden Series" of private cards, which are reproductions of the latest conceptions of modern art. These cannot be purchased as are ordinary Christmas cards, but are exclusively designed for private use, and yet are not more expensive than the more usual examples.

A Roman Catholic Earl. Lord Abingdon, whose personality is so rarely found to the fore in public life, is one of the group of Roman Catholic Peers headed by the Duke of Norfolk. The head of the family of Bertie lives up to his somewhat Puritan motto, "Virtue is stronger than a battering-ram." He is the *beau-ideal* of the British country gentleman, and contents himself with spending most of the year at his beautiful Oxfordshire seat, Wytham Abbey, which is situated within a drive of the old-world Thames-side town from which Lord Abingdon takes his title. The Earl, who has been twice married, has a large family; his eldest son and heir, Lord Norreys, accompanied the Imperial Yeomanry to South Africa. Lady Norreys is a sister of Lord Wolverton. The young couple are in high favour at Court, and their six-year-old daughter is one of Queen Alexandra's god-daughters. Lord Abingdon's eldest daughter is the wife of Lord Edmund Talbot, his second is Lady Alice Reyntiens. By his second marriage to Miss Dormer, a daughter of an old Roman Catholic house, the Earl has four children, two sons and two daughters. Lord Abingdon takes an enthusiastic interest in his county and has done a great deal to promote the formation of the Oxfordshire Imperial Yeomanry.

A Hearty Imperial Send-off. Mr. Chamberlain is accompanied on his long journey by the heartiest good wishes of the whole Empire. Last week, Birmingham did her part, and very worthily, all Party differences being sunk in honour of the great occasion. Both the Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Chamberlain will feel deeply the being away from their many home interests and affections for so long a period, but it must be a consolation to them to feel that Mr. Chamberlain's action, even if remarkably unconventional, has won the approval of the whole world, a fact sufficiently rare to be worthy of special mention.

Is Mr. Chamberlain Hated? On the eve of his "trip" to South Africa the Colonial Secretary's heart has been softened. He told his admiring fellow-townsmen that political animosities were not carried into private life. It would be pleasant to think that they were not, but in his forgiving mood Mr. Chamberlain has forgotten that certain Liberals considered him unworthy of their company about two years ago. The hostility between him and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman seems to be personal. With Sir William Harcourt, on the other hand, he has remained on friendly terms. They may dine together before the one attacks the other in debate. Mr. John Morley, also, is a very old friend of Mr. Chamberlain. It is the more obscure sort of Radicals who dislike him personally.

Mr. Chamberlain's Pocket-book. Sometimes when the Colonial Secretary is sitting on the Treasury Bench he will unfold his arms, open his eyes, and take from an inner pocket a little book containing a diary. This he consults, and he may make a note in it, subsequently re-fastening the elastic band. Not many

nights ago, on returning from a division, he crossed to the Front Opposition Bench and chatted with Mr. John Morley, whose grave, serene face was wreathed in smiles. On going back to his own place, Mr. Chamberlain took out the familiar little engagement-book and



"BON VOYAGE!" THE LATEST AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

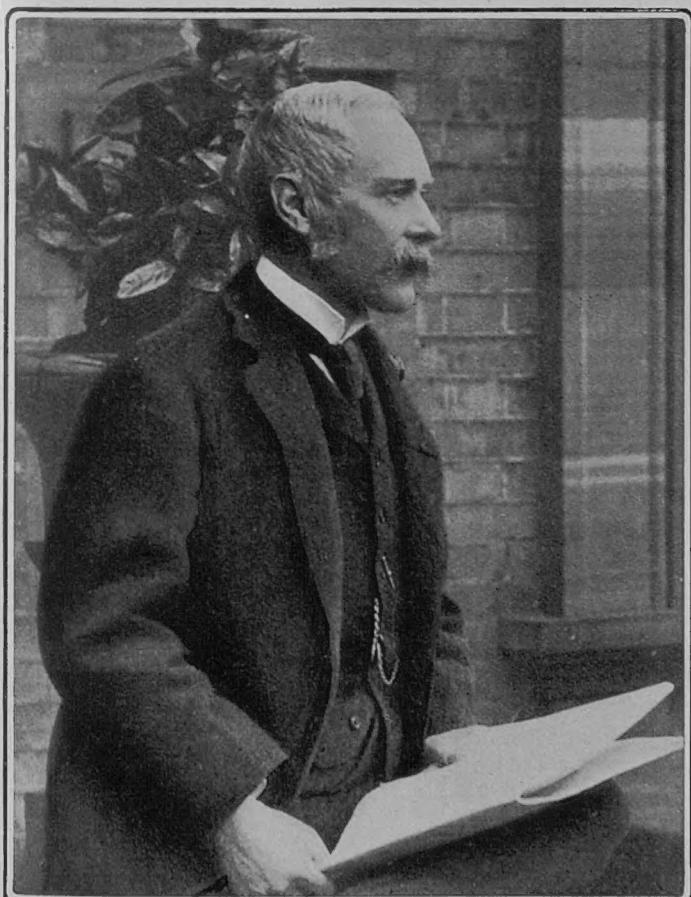
Photograph by Whitlock and Sons, Birmingham.

made an entry in it. Was it a note of a dinner engagement? The Colonial Secretary is one of the most methodical as well as the most strenuous of men.

"Kenyon-Slaney." It is out of order in the House of Commons to allude to a member by his name. Even the Prime Minister, however, has frequently referred during the past fortnight to the "Kenyon-Slaney" amendment. This is the amendment which has caused great offence to Lord Hugh Cecil and his clerical friends, because it gives the control of religious instruction to the school managers. Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, whose name has become a household word, is the most fluent and eloquent of the military men in the House, a sound Conservative, and a good Protestant. He has a short, sturdy figure, and looks as if he had lived most of his life in the saddle. He fears no man, not even the Nationalists, and certainly not Lord Hugh nor the Bishops.

Mr. Keir Hardie. Members of the House of Commons were amused in arresting Mr. Keir Hardie, who is a law-abiding Scot. Mr. Keir Hardie does not tie himself to any political party, and spends little of his time at the House, speaking seldom except on labour or "democratic" questions. Although his views are unpopular in Parliament, he expresses them in a good Parliamentary manner, and the literary form of his speeches might put to shame some of the University-bred young men. He associates very little with other members, but he has abandoned some of the little peculiarities of dress with which he at first attracted attention.

A Unique Distinction. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks are indeed to be heartily congratulated on having received the unique distinction of two Royal Commands in the course of one year. It would be interesting to learn the King of Portugal's views concerning Mr. Barrie's play, and of one thing we may be quite certain, nothing like "Quality Street" has ever been seen on the boards of a Portuguese theatre. The Waterloo Chamber is excellently adapted for the purpose to which it is so rarely put, and the first theatrical performance ever given there took place by Queen Victoria's wish, in deference to the advice tendered to Her late Majesty by a foreign musician who had made a great study of acoustics. There is something extremely interesting about such a performance as that which took place at Windsor last Friday (21st), for, admirably as every arrangement is carried out, a play acted under such unusual conditions is full of piquant and picturesque details.



THE EARL OF ABINGDON.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

Notes from Rome. Great indignation is felt here in Rome (writes a correspondent) at the dastardly attempt by the Italian Rubini upon the life of the aged King of the Belgians. The fact that the criminal is an Italian naturally reflects a considerable degree of discredit on Italy. This is made use of by the Socialistic Press, which points out with all its usual vehemence of language that the fault lies with the Government for not providing a better and broader education to its lower classes. As a matter of fact, the proneness of Italians to be selected by their companions of other nationalities for such deeds can be explained by the excitability and fierceness of their temperament, which urges them often to commit acts that men of more calm and temperate nature would hesitate to perform.

The "Tunnel." English visitors are now flocking in great numbers to Rome. The weather is, and has been for over a fortnight, nothing short of perfect. Rome is looking its very best, and all the room in hotels, pensions, and private lodgings is being snapped up like wild-fire. It may be of interest to English people who know Rome to learn that the tunnel is now complete. The Italians are very angry at such an un-Italian word as "tunnel" being used officially for what they would prefer to be named "Trafoto." The new tunnel lessens the distance from the English portion of the town near the Pincio and the Piazza del Popolo to the broad Via Nazionale and the station.

Miss Edith Swinhoe.

In mediæval days the art of the embroideress was one much cultivated and prized, as witness the wonderful old tapestries to be seen in many of the historic homes of England. Lace-making, too, came in for its due share of appreciation, and marvels of intricate and dainty stitchery were wrought by the deft fingers of fair ladies whose lords were, mayhap, away at the wars. Latterly there has been a welcome revival in these partially lost arts, and among those who are taking a great share in furthering this is Miss Edith Swinhoe, Teacher of Art Needle-work at the Westminster School of Art, and Silver Medallist. At her

studio, 10, King Street, Kensington Square, W., Miss Swinhoe has initiated multitudes of pupils into the mysteries of church embroidery, artneedlework, Honiton, Valenciennes, Torchon, and other laces, and many distinguished people have been numbered among her visitors. To-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow, Miss Swinhoe will be "at home" from 11 a.m. at 5, Pont Street, S.W. (by kind permission of Madame Ada), where a marvellous array of Christmas novelties will be on view.

Like so many of the actresses who are achieving distinction at the West End of London, Miss Elfrida Clement, who is playing brightly as Dorothy Lawless in "My Lady Virtue" at the Garrick, was a member of Mr. F. R. Benson's Company. Indeed, it was with him she began her theatrical career, and with him she remained a couple of years, playing Jessica, Maria, Ariel, and other Shaksperian parts.

A new edition of Shakspere, with a bibliographical introduction by Henry Glassford Bell, has been published by Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co., Limited. The volume is illustrated with sixty-nine excellent photo engravings and twenty artistic coloured pictures, for the arrangement of which Mr. Austin Brereton is responsible. I believe I am

right in stating that this is the first time that the works of Shakspere have been published in one volume together with coloured illustrations. All lovers of beautiful books should make a point of acquiring this latest prize.

Lady Rothschild. Almost alone among those great ladies who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, Lady Rothschild's personality is unknown to the British public. In leafy Bucks it is far otherwise; there the kindly and generous mistress of



LADY ROTHSCHILD.

Photograph by Barrett.

Tring Park is much beloved, and the whole countryside bears practical witness to her many good deeds. Lady Rothschild was herself a Rothschild, and possesses many of the characteristics of that remarkable family; she takes the keenest and most intelligent interest in her eldest son's scientific pursuits, and when at Tring she often pays a visit of inspection to his private "Zoo." As wife of the British head of the great Rothschild clan, it is often Lady Rothschild's pleasant duty to entertain the Continental members of the family in her beautiful London house, and some historic gatherings have taken place in the mansion which overlooks the finest stretch of Piccadilly. The last great gathering which occurred there was on the occasion of the marriage of Lord and Lady Rothschild's only daughter to Captain Clive Behrens.

Dom Carlos. The King of Portugal's efforts at the running rabbit and the pigeons in Paris were eclipsed by his performances in the country. At Saint-Firmin, on the preserves of the Duc de Chartres, King Carlos secured more than a quarter of the bag to his own gun, though the shooting party numbered seven or eight, and included some very good shots, notably the Duc de Luynes, the Marquis de Beauvoir, and the Comte de Jarnac. The King's own bag numbered nearly three hundred head of game. At Ferrières, the country seat of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, head of the French branch of the great financial house, King Carlos created another mild sensation. I am told he is ambidextrous and can shoot as easily from the left shoulder as from the right.

Queen Amélie. While King Carlos is enjoying himself in England, and doubtless deciding much that concerns the future development of East Africa, Queen Amélie and the Heir-Apparent are at the Royal residence at Cascaes, the Brighton of Portugal, a place famous for its splendid sea-bathing, its popular tennis-courts, and its gay autumn season. The game of tennis is most popular throughout Portugal, though it has been introduced only in comparatively recent times; but, as no grass will endure the summer sun, the courts are made with a surface of mould that is swept and watered when necessary. This arrangement makes the ball rise more quickly from the ground than it rises from the grass in England, but does not spoil the pleasure of the game.



MISS ELFRIDA CLEMENT IN "MY LADY VIRTUE," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

Glassford Bell, has been published by Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co., Limited. The volume is illustrated with sixty-nine excellent photo engravings and twenty artistic coloured pictures, for the arrangement of which Mr. Austin Brereton is responsible. I believe I am

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Recklessness of Kings. The attempt on the life of the King of the Belgians may have one good effect on Leopold, and induce him to take some reasonable precautions (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). At Ostend, where the gambling attracts all sorts and conditions of men, he strolled about amidst the crowd with a cigar in his mouth. The police warned him, and he moderated his habits. His automobile is another terror, for it is invariably breaking down, leaving him at the mercy of tramps on lonely roads. The motor the King has, however, promised to give up. The recklessness of Royalty in Paris is the terror of the secret police. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, strolled alone in the dimly lighted Rue de Rivoli smoking his cigar after dinner, and the police had to fall to subterfuges to find out his day's programme. King George of Greece carries carelessness to its utmost limits. He takes his drink on the terrasses of the cafés, and one of his favourite walks is to nowhere, and often ends in his losing himself. Even the King of Portugal managed to have one "night off," which he spent with his friends in the artistique cabarets in Montmartre. The Grand Duke Alexis, the uncle of the Czar, is seen everywhere, accompanied only by a terrier, and he looks as though he had never heard of a Nihilist. The Duke, by the way, is well known in the American saloons, where he devours egg-flips till further orders. Our Queen was also very careless. She used the ordinary cab, not a *voiture de cercle*, to go all over Paris. Anyone who knows the Paris *cocher* can imagine the terrible annoyance she would have been put to if she had disputed with that blackguard.

Frost-bound Paris. It is many years since Paris has known a winter such as this, for the thermometer is falling and the snow with it. It is a shuddery, shivery walk along the boulevards. Acres on acres of deserted chairs stand outside the cafés, while the poor waiters, muffled in their serviettes, stamp about and chafe their hands. Inside the cafés it is worse than in the cold almost, for their defective heating by the *bouches de chaleur* leaves you only in a torpid state. For those foreigners, particularly the English, who are employed in shops, life is impossibly miserable. The picture of a cold little bedroom six storeys up, without fire or light, is the last straw, and, with Christmas looming ahead, they struggle back to the Homeland. The half-crown entrance to the music-halls (no seat for this) is too dear from the English point of view, and, with every theatre visited in a fortnight, a winter night in Paris is hard to bear.

A Sensational Raid. Considerable sensation prevails in Bohemian circles in Paris at the raid made at a famous brasserie on the Grand Boulevard and within a stone's-throw of the Opéra. The house was licensed to remain open till five in the morning, and not its least attraction to the late birds, particularly English and Americans "doing" Paris, was its orchestra. Without any warning, Commissaires of Police, attended by a squadron of men, entered the place, and no one could leave till he had proved his identity. There were several arrests. The papers are asking what effect this will have on foreigners contemplating a visit.

A Tolstoi "Boom." There will be a great Tolstoi "boom" all over Europe and the States. Before the curtain had fallen on "Resurrection" at the Odéon contracts had been sealed, and in a few hours Mr. Beerbohm Tree was crossing the Channel to see Bataille's master-piece. Before its production there had been "indiscretions" by the column, and the outlook was gloomy, for long

discussions on religion and Socialism were promised. The play was, on the other hand, a powerful and dramatic study which held the audience enthralled. The beauty of the story is its simplicity. A wealthy Russian noble had ruined one of the peasant girls on the estate and forthwith forgot the incident. Fourteen years later, as Judge, that same girl is brought before him for theft. The police record is deplorable. Confined of an illegitimate child thirteen years ago, she was discharged from her place, and from that time had sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. The man feels that all this is on his soul, and he follows her to Siberia—scorning his rank—to convert her. And he succeeds after scenes that are full of tragic emotion. He asks her to become his wife, but she shakes her head sadly and answers "No."



MDLE. ÉLISE DE VERE, A CELEBRATED PARISIAN BEAUTY.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Prince of Wales arrived in Berlin on the occasion of his birthday. It is said, though I have never seen the statement in print, that the Prince was the bearer of a message from his Imperial father recalling to the Emperor the vow made in 1899. This message was repeated by the Prince to Count von Bülow after that statesman had been afforded the opportunity to explain his "granite" speech. The vow has now received a fresh affirmation by the visit of the Emperor to England. Up to the time of the arrival of His Majesty on British shores, the official relations of England and Germany were, owing to the policy of the latter country in the Yangtse, of the worst possible description. The Emperor, however, proceeded to Sandringham, and the result was the settlement of the Shanghai dispute and enlightenment on a number of other questions. Thus has the vow concluded three years ago between the Emperor William and King Edward operated most beneficently.

SCENES FROM "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," BY J. M. BARRIE,
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.



Lady Mary Lasenby (Miss Irene Vanbrugh). Lady Catharine Lasenby (Miss Sybil Carlisle). Lady Agatha Lasenby (Miss Muriel Beaumont).

ACT I.—DRAWING-ROOM IN LORD LOAM'S HOUSE, MAYFAIR: THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS ARE DISGUSTED TO HEAR THAT THEIR FATHER, AN ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT, WILL ALLOW THEM ONLY ONE MAID BETWEEN THE THREE ON THE FORTHCOMING YACHTING TRIP.



The Earl of Loam (Mr. Henry Kemble).

ACT II.—AN ISLAND: THE EARL AND HIS DAUGHTERS, HAVING BEEN SHIPWRECKED, FIND THEMSELVES ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND. SUCH CLOTHES AS THEY HAVE CONTRIVED TO RESCUE CAN BE PUT ON AND TAKEN OFF WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF ANY MAID.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

SCENES FROM "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," BY J. M. BARRIE,
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.



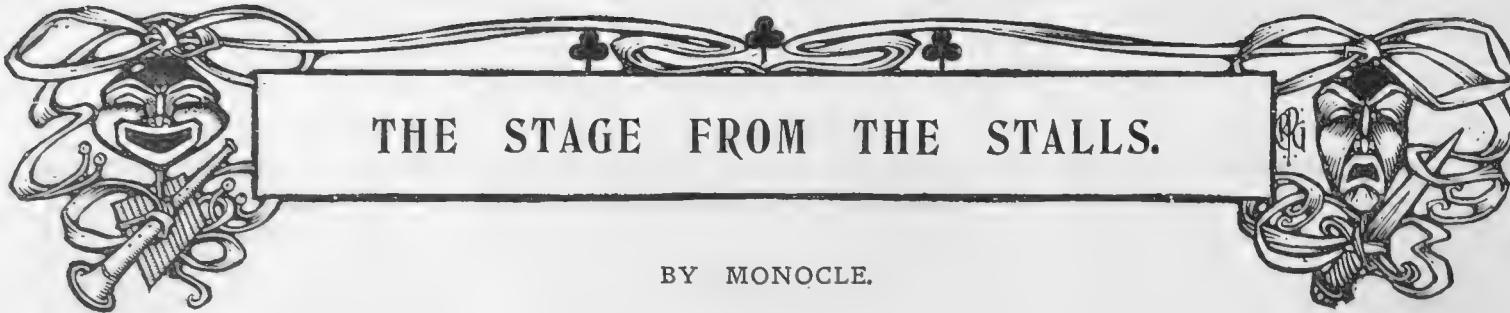
Crichton (Mr. H. B. Irving).

Tweeny (Miss Pattie Browne).

ACT II.—THE ISLAND: AT THIS JUNCTURE, CRICHTON, THE ADMIRABLE BUTLER, PROVES THE SUPERIORITY OF THE WORKER OVER THE DRONE. INCIDENTALLY, HE IS IN LOVE WITH TWEENY, A KITCHEN-MAID WHO HAS ACCOMPANIED THE PARTY.



ACT III.—INSIDE THE HUT: TWO YEARS HAVE ELAPSED, AND THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS, UNDER THE RULE OF CRICHTON, HAVE DEVELOPED BOTH IN PHYSIQUE AND IN COMMON-SENSE.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" AND "PROBLEM PLAYS."

ONE of the most curious features of the production of musical comedy is that, even if a piece on the first-night has "made an oven," to use a quaint French figure, everyone promptly says that it is sure to be successful ultimately, provided that it is under the management of Mr. George Edwards. No mere accident caused the ugly sounds heard at the *première* of "The Girl from Kay's": they showed clearly that the work, as a whole, had failed to please a good many, though, doubtless, not the majority of the audience, although even the discontented had applauded some scenes and numbers. Nevertheless, everyone expects that the piece will have a prosperous run. The manager, despite the adage concerning broth and numerous cooks—and already it has an amazing number of authors and composers—will call in fresh hands to strengthen the affair, and by the time that the players have re-worded half the dialogue and most of the numbers are new, Apollo, unwillingly, I fancy, will be lending the sanction of his name to thousands, or rather, tens of thousands, of easy-going pleasure-seekers. There were moments when "The Girl from Kay's" seemed to promise something better than what is called "musical comedy." For the first Act certainly suggested that we were to see a farcical comedy, with some incidental songs and dances, a form of entertainment which, assuming that clever people were concerned in each department, would be charming and immensely successful. There have been many attempts of a somewhat hesitating character at a revival of what, roughly speaking, one may call a vaudeville, or, to be, perhaps, more accurate and take an earlier term, "comédie mêlée de vaudeville." The most successful of modern times was "Miss Decima," which certainly was neither comic opera nor musical comedy; it was, perhaps, a little too rich in music and slight in dramatic interest to hit the mark exactly.

"The Girl from Kay's," after pretending in the first Act that it was going to be a vaudeville, suddenly became as formless and aimless as any of its tribe, and things happened, apparently, without any consideration for the author's vain efforts to tell a story. Of course, occasional scraps of intrigue are introduced, but they almost seem like intruders, and get quickly elbowed out of the way to make room for such things as the entry of the shop-girls as Salvation Army lasses, and their dance, which reminded me of Lottie Collins's song and dance, "The Little Widow." When a person is content to introduce anything so inexcusably absurd as the Salvation Army "business," one wonders why he should take the trouble to pretend that there is any element of drama in the affair at all. Probably he is forced to make this pretence because, if there were absolute intervals between the songs and dances, the public would expect to be allowed to smoke, and, failing the permission, run away to the Halls.

This, however, perhaps is rather criticism of a class than of the individual work, and it need not be suggested that "The Girl from Kay's" is below the customary standard. The trade-mark, no doubt, should be mediocrity, for it is difficult to see any aspect in which it is remarkable. The book is weak, the music no better than it should be, and, whilst the performers had some merit, none are noteworthy. Mr. Willie Edouin, I suppose, will work up the Hogenheimer till it becomes vastly entertaining to the patrons of this class of work. At present, he is funny till he becomes monotonous, and he is monotonous because he keeps on saying and doing the same kind of thing nearly all the time. There are small hints of a kind of satire on the modern plutocrat, but they are feeble. Miss Kate Cutler is a charming artist and says her songs prettily. Miss Ethel Irving acts with some skill and gives an effective touch of *abandon* in her last song and dance. It is a pleasure to see Miss Letty Lind back again and in capital form. Her dancing is as skilful as ever, and, even if the tiny thread of voice seems to have grown a little smaller, the remarkable ability as *disease* remains. Miss Marie Illington is wasted on a part of which nothing can be made. Mr. Louis Bradfield, when he gets a chance, takes it, and his song, "I Don't Care," delighted the house. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald played rather cleverly in a noodle part, of which, however, it was shown that one can have too much. I cannot guess why the young lady who had the task of singing two sentimental songs should merely figure as one of the assistants at Kay's, named Methuen, Paget, etc., after the Generals who distinguished themselves in the War. What a graceful stroke of humour and brilliant exhibition of wit to use the names of the men who have ennobled themselves in fighting for us as facetious names for shop-girls! The young lady in question, though affected by nervousness at the beginning of each song, deserved to be named, since she has an

excellent, fairly trained voice, and pleased the house greatly in a waltz song, which, like most of the music, made a quite unsuccessful effort not to remind us of something else. As it is, "The Girl from Kay's" wants a few new numbers and a little chastening by the blue pencil of someone whose soul has a slightly less unsophisticated purity than that of our dear Censor, who has none of the exaggerated prudishness which causes the French, in school-books for girls, to print the word "tambour" instead of "amour." There are times, however, when one begins to think that the Parisian idea of having certain theatres to which the "maiden of bashful fifteen" is never taken deserves serious consideration, since, if the critics could simply say of a "knuckle" piece that it is given at the wrong theatre and consider their consciences clear, much trouble would be spared. However, I do not wish to suggest that "The Girl from Kay's" is calculated to shock the *jeune fille à marier*, since, if it offends, it can only be the sophisticated that suffer.

In the course of a debate at one of the Theatrical Clubs, it was asserted that there is no real place in English drama for the so-called "problem plays," and, no doubt, this opinion will be accepted by many as correct. Yet it really is based on a confusion of ideas. "Problem play" might have been a useful term if employed nicely, but very quickly it began to be the bad name to be given to a dog before hanging him, and many pieces are denounced as "problem plays" though they neither propound nor expound any problem. On the other hand, some "problem plays" escape the reproach, such as "The Admirable Crichton," which deals with the problem as to the conduct of a given collection of people under changed circumstances. The question is propounded in the first Act and quaintly debated and answered in the second and third. The fourth, no doubt, raises a new problem, and comes, I think, to a thoroughly false conclusion, since it leaves out of the question the vital fact that Acts II. and III. must have indelibly affected the characters, so that the persons of the last Act are not the same as those of the first, and therefore, though under similar circumstances, would not behave in the same way. When you go to Rome you do as Rome does, but, if you stay there long enough to become a thorough Roman, when you return to London and become a Londoner again your sojourn in the Eternal City must still, to some extent, affect your manners and conduct. "The Gay Lord Quex," too, clearly was a "problem play," dealing with the question whether the young girl should take the elderly lover who had sown his wild oats or the young one who had not begun this profitless style of farming. On the other hand, several of the plays of Ibsen commonly called "problem plays"—and, indeed, the lecturer seems to have used this term concerning them—have no problem at all, such as "Rosmersholm," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Master Builder." Moreover, the success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," clearly a "problem play," is beyond dispute. One may assert without hesitation that it is not the problem but the mode of its treatment which causes failure or success. Clearly, too, the question of propriety is not decisive. Some pretend that a work is a "problem play" because it contains a woman with a past, which is obviously absurd, seeing that many real "problem plays" contain no such person, and also that such creatures frequently appear in pieces that no one would call a "problem play." This confusion of thought in language is unfortunate, since it deceives people as to the causes of failure of unpopular works. "Judah" and "The Middleman" did not succeed because they were "problem plays"—undoubtedly the fact—nor was "Iris" comparatively unpopular because it had a problem, for it was merely a study of a weak hedonist. Vaguely, and with an imperfect term, such people as the speaker in question are referring to the curious fact that there is but a small public for pieces dealing sincerely with life. The most audacious "problem play" would succeed if presented as a violent, ingenious melodrama, but not in the form of a restrained comedy, since the almost, or perhaps, quite, invincible repugnance of the general public to the idea of taking drama seriously is a fatal obstacle. Most of us pretend to desire artistic literature—even if we prefer railway novels; to love good music—although the commonplace moves us more; to admire noble pictures—yet we prefer to hang ill-executed anecdotes on our over-elaborate wall-papers; but we draw the line at professing to care for the higher drama, except in the form of a ha'porth of Shakspere to an intolerable deal of scene-painter. And we condemn much of the drama that we do not like by using the ugly term "problem play," which is generally irrelevant.

Nov. 26, 1902

THE SKETCH.

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"CHILDHOOD."

A Photographic Study.

H A R R O W.

"Stet Fortuna Domus."

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

I THINK that, of all the loves of a man's life, his love for the big school where he passed his boyhood is the most enduring. To some men their College at Oxford or Cambridge may be dearer than the Public School, but there is always a great tenderness for the old red buildings on the hill, or the quiet quadrangle by the river, or the fields by the stream whence the White Horse on the hill can be seen, or the football-ground over against which Tom Hughes, in white marble, stands watching the scrimmages; and this tenderness finds sentimental expression in the school songs—in the famous Eton boating song, and Edward Bowen's "Follow Up," which the Old Harrovians sing in chorus at the school concerts. The practical side of the love of grown-up boys for their old school was shown this year, when, an appeal having been made to Old Harrovians to build a new aisle to the School Chapel, in memory of the Harrow boys who had fallen in the South African War, not only was the money subscribed at once, but far more than was required was sent, and the Head-master and the Committee are now considering how it should be spent. Not

properties to aid illusion, are played. The school concerts, with a band in which some of the masters play instruments and a great chorus of boys, are given here, and here the prizes are distributed.

The Vaughan Library is one of the sacred spots of Harrow, for it is not only a room surrounded by books, but the treasure-house in which portraits of school worthies and great Harrovians are hung and their relics collected. It is used also for receptions, and here the Head-master's guests smoke their cigars and cigarettes after dinner on Founder's Day, when some of the most prominent Old Harrovians are always gathered together.

The playing side of Harrow life is just as interesting as the working side. In the Summer term there are pleasant hours to be spent down at the Sixth Form Ground, where the players are keenly watched and the rising talent which is to appear at Lord's is criticised by Old Boys who got their treasured blue-and-white caps in days gone by; or at the "Philathlet," across the way, where the lesser lights aspire only to House Elevens. The talk in the Pavilion is of giants of yore, of how



THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

only was money sent, but other gifts as well poured in, a service of gold plate for the altar and a tesselated pavement amongst them.

The Chapel, which stands on the terrace cut in the side of the hill, is dear to every Harrovian's heart, and next in his affection comes the Fourth Form room. This old, panelled hall, with its wainscoting covered with innumerable names carved deep in the oak—some irregular, some cut in lines by the Custos—its rough forms, its clumsy thrones for masters, and its square, latticed windows, is the original school-room designed by John Lyon, the "large and convenient school-house with a chimney to it." In this old room all the great Harrovians of past days—Byron, Peel, Palmerston, Sheridan, Rodney, Dalhousie—were taught, and their names are on the walls; here the great Duke of Wellington learned his few lessons before he assisted in a school riot which terminated his career as an Harrovian. There is one spot in the Fourth Form room the sight of which brings a sympathetic tingle to many an old boy, and that is the bench over which kneels the victim to be flogged by the Head-master, when the dread formula, "Go down to the Fourth Form room," has been pronounced, and Custos has taken the birch from its cupboard.

The Old Speech-room, which forms the other big room in the great red-brick building, was built in comparatively recent times, not a century ago, but, as the school has grown, "Old Speechee" has ceased to be large enough to hold the boys, and so, in the midst of a kitchen-garden on the steep slope just below the churchyard where Byron used to lie on a great tomb and look over to Windsor in the grey distance of the plain and dream in verse, a brick building on the lines of a Greek theatre, with benches rising in a great semicircle, has been erected, and here the speeches are delivered on Speech Day, and scenes from classical plays in languages dead and languages alive, with primitive

Watson and Crawley saved the match against Eton in 1885, and of Grimston and I. D. Walker and others. On summer evenings the boys in strung-out line walk down the hill and across the green football-fields to "Ducker"—the Harrovian contraction of Duckpuddle, for all real Harrow words must end in "er"—the bathing-pond. In winter, the football-fields, churned by innumerable feet, present a different appearance of an afternoon, for a score of games, "House" or "Compulsory," are in progress, and the muddy grass is a brown background to kaleidoscopic combinations of colours, for each house has its distinctive caps and shirts, and if an important match is in progress the long-drawn shouts of "Play—ay—ayed!" and the name of the house come from the partisans of each team with something of the intensity and long-windedness that jackals display on a moonlight night.

There are the racket-courts to be seen, which have sent many a pair to victory in the Public School matches at the Queen's Club, and the "Gym," a comparatively new institution where the boys strengthen their muscles on bars and rings, learn to take hard knocks in perfect temper with the single-sticks, and pummel each other whole-heartedly with the gloves, saving many a bare-knuckle bout on the "Milling Ground."

Of the special customs of the school over which Dr. Wood now rules I have not space to write, and the origin of the wearing of the soup-plate straw-hat and "tails" must go unchronicled, nor can I give the ordinances which govern fagging, or determine who they be that have the right to shout "Bo—o—oy!" in the passages. The dread rules of "Swagger," which ordain who may wear white waistcoats and turn up their trousers and walk arm-in-arm, I must also omit in this very slight account of the dear old school.

HARROW: "Stet Fortuna Domus."



THE FOURTH FORM ROOM.



THE GYMNASIUM.



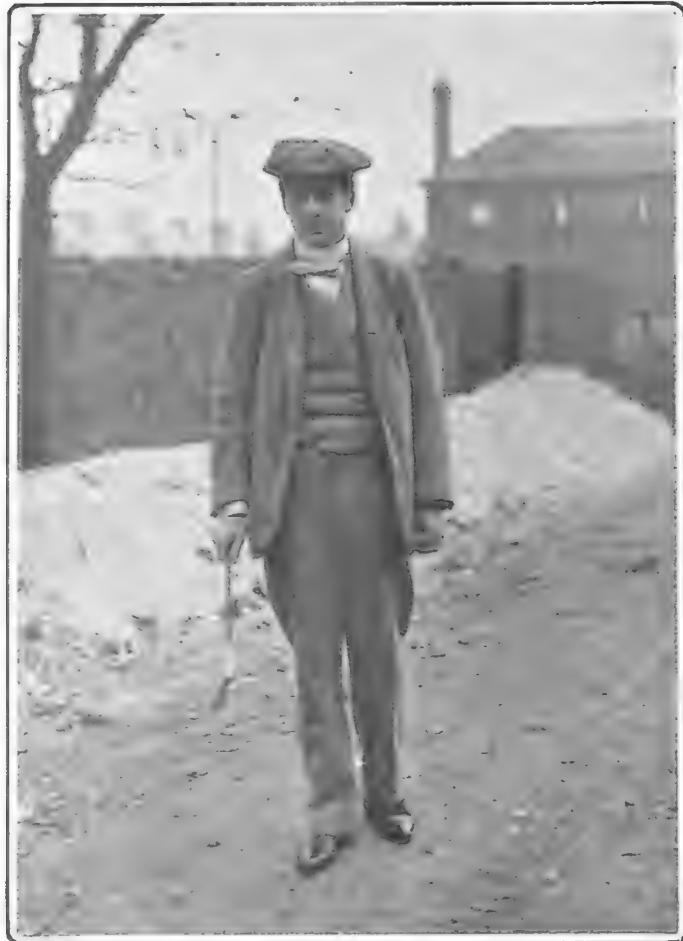
THE SPEECH-ROOM.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY:

POET, NOVELIST, CRITIC, HISTORIAN, AND DRAMATIST.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY is a man of many parts, but he is fortunate in not belonging to those who, in seeking to be everything, succeed in being nothing. Poet, novelist, critic, historian, and dramatist, he takes a high place in each branch of work, and there must be many who have reason to congratulate



"MY FORMS OF EXERCISE ARE GOLFING—

themselves upon the fact that his retirement from Parliament, hastened by ill-health, gave him the opportunity to devote himself entirely to literary pursuits.

It is difficult, indeed, to realise what determined him to enter the political arena, unless it was a worthy desire to follow in his father's footsteps in that as in other directions, for he was always far more engrossed in literary matters than in questions of Government.

"Young Justin," as he is still known to many, though he is two years on the wrong side of forty, was first elected to the House of Commons in 1884, as Member for Athlone, which he represented until the following year, when he changed his constituency for Newry. Incidentally, he was the youngest Irish Nationalist in the House, and it was over his allegiance, which was given now to Parnell, now to his father, that the most strenuous struggle of all took place in Committee Room No. 15 during the great secession.

Mr. McCarthy may be said to have commenced his active literary career as Assistant Editor of the *Examiner* when that journal was under the editorship of Professor Minto and the proprietorship of Lord Rosebery.

His first book of verse, "Serapion," was followed by "Hafiz in London," and "Harlequinade," the last-named dedicated to Amélie Rives, the author of that audacious but remarkable story, "The Quick or the Dead." He has a singular command over form in verse, reproducing exotic forms with quite remarkable felicity, an ability which, naturally, tends to heighten the value of his various French and other translations.

Mr. McCarthy's chief contributions to fiction, through which there runs that fine vein of Celtic poetry and imagination which one has grown accustomed to expect from the writers of his country, and which show the author's great facility for suggesting, rather than minutely describing, the atmosphere and character of a period, are "Dolly," "Doom," "Lily Lass," "A London Legend," and "The Royal Christopher." With the first of these, it is worth noting that he was the victim of one of those curious literary coincidences which so frequently occur, for in the very week in which it appeared there was issued from the press a book by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett bearing the same title.

He has assisted his father in the compilation of what may, without disparagement, be termed his heavier works, and it is, consequently, not surprising that he himself also turns historian occasionally. His "Outline of Irish History"—a book with some political bias—his "England Under Gladstone," and his "Ireland Since the Union" are well known, while in "The French Revolution, 1789-91," he has proved himself a worthy follower of Carlyle in subject if not in style. There is invariably a clearness and nice sense of balance, as well as dramatic fitness in choice of words, in Mr. McCarthy's work, and this is particularly noticeable in his American History.

At the moment, he is most before the public as playwright; his romantic drama, "If I were King"—dealing with the Villon of a poet's sympathetic imagination rather than with the Villon of history—is, taking it all in all, perhaps the most complete and the best-deserved success of the theatrical season. His first play, "The Candidate," an adaptation played some years ago at the Criterion and since revived at the same theatre, was produced anonymously, and it was only when all the possible people in London had been credited with the authorship that Mr. McCarthy acknowledged it as his work. "The White Carnation," "The Highwayman," "The Wife of Socrates," "His Little Dodge," and "My Friend the Prince" all had their due measure of popularity.

The theatrical world knows Mr. McCarthy as critic as well as criticised, his work in the *Sunday Sun*, when it was edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, first attracting attention to his views upon the drama, and similar work in the *Pall Mall Gazette* adding to his reputation.

Mr. McCarthy has travelled widely in Europe, Egypt, the Holy Land, and the United States, and knows the East, in particular, thoroughly. He is a linguist who would have been a dangerous rival to Lavengro, and speaks, writes, or translates some two score languages and dialects. There is, no doubt, more than a substratum of truth in a prominent politician's description of him as one who had read more books in more languages than any other man. His translation of "Omar Khayyám" astonished, by its erudition, even those who were best able to judge of his power.

Personally, he is a brilliant talker, and, rarer still, an accomplished listener. He has, too, a way of immediately putting himself on intimate terms with his hearer that makes his a delightful personality. An excellent judge of literary matters, he regards his own work as critically as might the most captious reviewer. Unlike many of his



"—AND CYCLING."

countrymen, he is a man of prodigious industry. His hobbies are several and varied. A lover of animals, he has a penchant for cats; he is a collector of first editions, a keen "wet-bob," an excellent punter—not of the gambling order—and an ardent cyclist.

THE SKETCH PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXIII.—MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.



"GOOD-MORNING. I FEEL MUCH MORE NERVOUS THAN I LOOK."



"HOWEVER, HERE GOES."



"IT ISN'T HALF AS BAD AS I THOUGHT."



"IN FACT, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL QUITE AT HOME."



"THE MANUSCRIPT OF MY NEW PLAY—'THE PROUD PRINCE.'"



"I FIND THE PIANO A WONDERFUL SOURCE OF INSPIRATION."



"MY REFERENCE LIBRARY."



"AS TO MY HOBBIES—COME AND SEE THE CATS."



"PUSSY IS PURRING WITH PRIDE."

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

V.—THE ASSAY OFFICE: NEW YORK'S BIGGEST PILE OF GOLD.

DINGY and poverty-stricken in appearance is the Assay Office in New York, and yet it is there that more gold is treated annually than anywhere else in the world. The building stands in Wall Street, and is a low, three-storey, broken-down affair of stone that was white a hundred years ago. Snuggled in between immense skyscrapers, one would pass by the Assay Office without a



PACKING MONEY IN THE UNITED STATES TREASURY. NEGROES ARE EMPLOYED TO DO THIS WORK.

glance. The Assay Office is, however, one of the institutions of which New York is very proud. Piled up in the vaults of this old building are literally tons of gold. Here one may see gold and silver in every conceivable shape—in bars; in molten form, being stirred with ladles in buckets, like bran-mash; dissolved in acid; subjected to all the chemical and physical changes that the precious metals can undergo.

Vast quantities of gold come to England almost every week from the United States. Before any of this gold is sent out of the country, however, it passes through the New York Assay Office. Gold and silver reach the Assay Office in various forms. Bags of gold-dust come from the Western mines, jewellers send their filings to be cast into bars, and even dentists send fillings from human teeth. Part of the gold in the sovereigns you jingle in your pocket may have at one time helped to fill the teeth of an American millionaire.

When gold in the crude form reaches the Assay Office, it is melted and a rough estimate is formed of its purity. The melting is done on the first floor of the Assay Office. On first melting the gold, it is poured into small moulds. A slice is then taken from each bar and sent to the Assaying Department proper, which is on the second floor of the building. Two assayers work at the same time on each sample, so that the work of one man will act as a check against that of the other.

A tiny sample of gold from each bar is next placed between rollers and flattened out into a very thin strip. This strip is weighed with the utmost accuracy on delicate analytical balances capable of weighing down to the thousandth part of a grain. The weighed strip is then placed on a tiny dish, composed of bone-ash, technically known as a "cupel." The cupel is placed in a furnace and heated to a very high degree of heat. The lead, copper, and other alloys in the sample are absorbed by the bone-ash in the cupel, leaving in the centre of the dish a small, glistening bead. This is pure gold and silver. In order to get rid of the silver, the little bead is next boiled in a glass bottle containing nitric acid. The acid dissolves the silver, but, having no effect on gold, the latter is left in the bottom of the glass.

This golden bead is then placed on scales and again weighed. The weight of the pure gold is then compared with the weight of the sample while it contained the base metals. The comparison of these two weights gives the exact purity of any given lot of gold which may be brought to the Assay Office. The process is really quite simple, when you understand it, is it not?

The large lot of gold has to undergo practically just what the small sample has passed through. It is melted, and the base metals are separated from the gold. Immense vats containing sulphuric acid stand in a separate building at the back of the Assay Office. Into these vats

tons and tons of gold, silver, and copper are dumped. The silver and copper are dissolved in the acid, leaving pure gold in the bottom of the vats. The gold is now drawn out and is placed in huge bins. It looks, at this stage, for all the world like so much yellow sand. A handful of this sand would be worth, however, about £50.

The gold is now washed free from acid by means of hose-pipes connected with the bottom of the bins. When entirely free from all trace of acid, the gold is sent down to the furnace-rooms on the first floor of the Assay Office, and is again melted and cast into moulds.

The acid which contains the silver, copper, and other metals is now treated with electricity. This causes the copper to crystallise out of the mixture in the form of beautiful blue crystals—the "blue stone" of trade—while the silver is also obtained in a pure state.

Among the most interesting sights in the Assay Office are the furnace-rooms. Here vast quantities of gold in a liquid state are poured into moulds, which form it into bars of a certain length and weight, each bar being valued at £1000. Sometimes there will be ten or fifteen furnaces going at once, each furnace containing from £50,000 to £200,000 worth of gold. To see the precious metal being dipped up and ladled out like so much hot water is an interesting exhibition. The men who do this work wear huge woollen gloves to protect their hands, and their clothes are formed of woollen blankets loosely tacked together.

When the gold is made into bars—or bullion—it is piled into vaults and strong-rooms, and is now ready for shipment. Sometimes the Assay Office at New York will contain as much as £15,000,000 in bars.

The gold is now ready for shipment abroad. When a shipment is to be made, a number of small kegs, each fourteen inches high by twelve inches in diameter, are brought to the Assay Office. The kegs are then placed on waggons and carted to the steamers. With the driver of the wagon are usually two detectives armed with revolvers, and the representative of one of the firms who engage in shipping gold to European ports. The usual shipments are about twenty kegs, valued at £200,000, though at times as much as £1,000,000 is sent out of the country in one shipment. The record shipment to England on any single date was one hundred and sixty-two kegs—valued at £1,620,000—shipped on Aug. 15, 1900, via two ships, the *St. Paul* and *Teutonic*.

All gold shipped from the New York Assay Office is taken, on arrival in London, directly to the Bank of England, whence it is sent out to be converted into coin of the English realm. It will thus be seen that the New York Assay Office plays a direct part in supplying England with a portion of her vast wealth.

W. B. NORTHROP.



WEIGHING GOLD BARS IN THE ASSAY OFFICE.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

V.—THE ASSAY OFFICE: NEW YORK'S BIGGEST PILE OF GOLD.



MACHINE PRESSING PURE SILVER POWDER INTO CASES FOR SMELTING.



THE STAMPING-ROOM, WHERE THE VALUE AND WEIGHT ARE STAMPED.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

HERE has been much comment on the brief and extremely severe criticism of Dr. Stopford Brooke's work on Browning published in the leading literary journal. I should be the last to suggest any deliberate unfairness; but, when a man reaches a position like that occupied by Dr. Brooke, he is surely entitled to have an important work seriously considered. The criticism may have to be adverse, but it should be given at length and the critic should take pains to justify his sternness. Were criticism signed, we should have very little of this kind of thing; and, when we had it, we should know much better what weight to attach to it.

In "Mrs. Craddock" (Heinemann), Mr. W. S. Maugham has given us his strongest book. In fact, the novel is in many ways one of the strongest of the year. Mr. Maugham limits his public by his choice of unpleasant subjects. In this case he deals with the problem of marriage, and gives all his strength to the delineation of the husband and the wife. Neither is an agreeable character, but both are very human, and they are described with real insight and power. The end of the story is unsatisfactory. The problem of an unhappy marriage is not often solved by an opportune and fatal accident, but Mr. Maugham chooses to end it that way, and we see the last of the husband and are confident that the wife has her career before her—a career which will be by no means devoid of incident. It would be useless to advise Mr. Maugham to choose more pleasant subjects. Mr. Gissing did not improve his work when he tried to be a humorist, and Mr. Maugham probably could not write the glorified domestic novel. His readers must take him for what he is.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is going out again to South Africa. The subject of his next book has not yet been decided, but it may very probably be a collection of his poems. If so, it will be very interesting to see what he leaves out.

Dr. Greville Macdonald, the son of Dr. George Macdonald, has prepared two books for the Press. They deal, I understand, with philosophical subjects, and have partly been delivered as lectures.

I have received the first number of a new American literary magazine—the *Reader*. It is on the same lines as the New York *Bookman* and *Critic*. This type of periodical is very popular in the United States. The magazine opens with a drawing of Mr. Henry James, by Will Rothenstein. It is clever, of course, but I do not recognise it as giving the characteristic expression of the novelist. Another interesting feature is a hitherto unpublished photograph of Mr. Edward Carpenter, whose work is attracting attention in America. The fourth edition of his book of poetry, "Towards Democracy," is about the poor. Mr. Carpenter is the ablest of Walt Whitman's imitators.

The famous American publishing house of Appleton's have issued a pamphlet on the firm's history in connection with their recent change of premises. It contains "The Remarkable Story of Webster's Spelling-Book," which sold 31,155,000 copies in thirty-five years (1855-1890), during which it was published by Messrs. Appleton.

One large press (says the pamphlet) was kept constantly at work on this book year in and year out. The yearly sales of this old friend that our fathers used, the arbiter of many a spelling-bee, and the cause, too, of many a caning, form an interesting study, especially during the period of the War. In 1855, 1,093,500 copies were sold, and in each of the next two years this quantity was exceeded by a few thousands. In 1858 it dropped below a million, but the next year went above it again. In 1860 it began a downward course, only 938,000 copies being disposed of; in 1861 the number dropped to 706,000, and in the dark days of 1862 low-water mark was reached, only 368,000 being sold. Of course, the War was responsible for this tremendous falling-off. At the beginning of the conflict only the most perfunctory attention was given to the cause of primary education, and, besides, a large and fertile territory for the sale of school-books was cut off. The following year (1863) the country had become somewhat adjusted to the new conditions, and there were many freed men and refugees to be taught, and the sales reached almost half a million, while during the remaining two years of the War they were 657,000 and 633,000 respectively.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has completed his new novel, "Strong Mac," which will begin serially in the *Windsor Magazine* for December.

Mr. Basil Lubbock, a nephew of Lord Avebury, has written his experiences as a sailor, which Mr. Murray will publish, under the attractive title, "Round the Horn Before the Mast."

Here is surely the popular author *in excelsis*. It is an extract from a Neapolitan paper giving a detailed list of the wardrobe of Gabriele D'Annunzio, which he took with him on a recent journey—

Shirts, seventy-two; socks of all kinds, twelve dozen; socks of quiet-tinted silk, two dozen; hats, evening-suits, smoking-coats, shooting-jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, forty-eight pairs; gloves for evening, twenty-four pairs; mufflers of beautiful silk, three; walking-sticks, twelve; umbrellas of violet hue, eight; parasols, green, ten; handkerchiefs, twenty dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, one hundred and fifty; waistcoats, ten; shoes for walking, fourteen pairs; slippers, "soft, silent, and tremulous," two pairs. Also a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger, a Venetian box of perfumes, and a lap-dog.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has written a companion novel to "The Touchstone." The new book is entitled "Sanctuary" and will run as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*.

It is stated that Dr. David Masson, the biographer of Milton, is now convinced of the authenticity of the work professing to be by Milton which is shortly to be published by Mr. John Murray. Dr. Masson, when first told of the discovery, put no credence in it.

"The Reflections of Ambrosine," by Mrs. Eleanor Glyn, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," will be published immediately. The heroine is a young married woman. Mrs. Glyn is shortly to pay a long visit to the United States, where her earlier years were spent.

Mr. Ollivant, whose story of a dog, "Owd Bob," was very favourably received in this country and achieved an extraordinary success in the States, where sixty-five thousand copies have been sold, will publish immediately his new novel, entitled "Danny," which deals with "two most interesting animals, dogs and men."

Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "By Order of the Company," has written a new romance, which will appear in *Harper's Magazine* next year. It is entitled "Sir Mortimer."

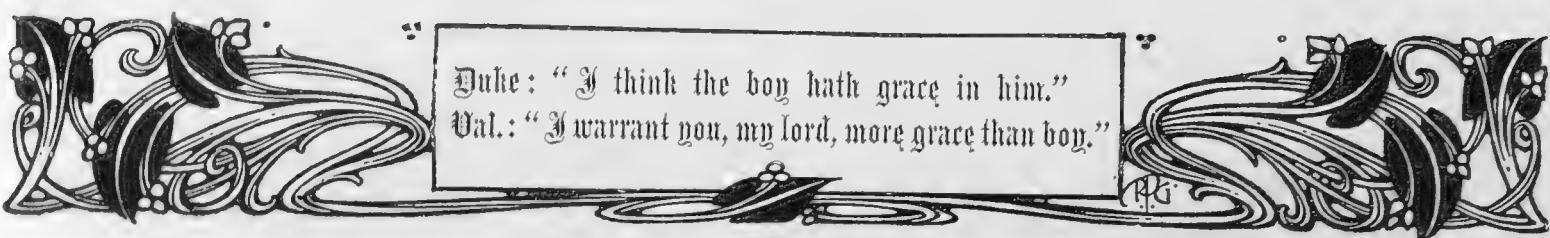
o. o.

THE DEATH OF MR. G. A. HENTY.
The death of George Alfred Henty, which occurred on board his yacht at Weymouth on Sunday of last week, removes from the literary

world a notable and commanding figure. Mr. Henty was the doyen of writers of stories for boys, and his annual budget of books will be missed by all who have a liking for good, stirring, healthy fiction. His early career well fitted him for what was destined to be his life-work. Gaining his first insight into the sterner side of life during the Crimean War, when he was for a short time in the Purveyor's Department of the Army, he was next sent to Italy to organise the hospitals of the Italian Legion, and, after the Declaration of Peace, was, in turn, placed in charge of the commissariat arrangements of the Belfast and Portsmouth districts. In 1855, he became a "Special" of the *Standard*, four years later followed the struggle between Italy and Austria as War-Correspondent for the same journal, and afterwards went through the Franco-German War, the Turco-Servian War, the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868, and the Ashanti Expedition of 1873 and 1874. Mr. Henty's first book for boys was issued in 1868, and from that time onward his reputation steadily increased. His output was large—he was the author of over eighty boys' books and a number of other novels—his range of subjects and periods considerable, his speed of production very great, but his work was of an uniformly high order, and he did more, perhaps, than any author of his time to put down that pernicious type of story best known as the "penny dreadful." "My object," he once said, "has been to teach history, and, still more, to encourage manly and straight living and feeling among boys." In both aims he succeeded, without finding it necessary to produce the sickly, goody-goody work which is absolutely abhorrent to any true boy. Mr. Henty was born at Trumpington, Cambridge, on Dec. 8, 1832, and was educated at Westminster and at Caius College, Cambridge.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE HENTY.
Photograph by Thiele, Chancery Lane.



Duke: "I think the boy hath grace in him."
Val.: "I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy."



MISS WINIFRED HARE AS PRINCIPAL BOY IN THE FORTHCOMING CORONET PANTOMIME.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.



"An excellent sweet lady."



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Photograph by Annan and Son, Glasgow.

"'Tis Beauty truly blent."



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN.

Photographed for "The Sketch."



"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth."

P.G.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY, NOW PLAYING IN "THE TOREADOR" AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

TWO NEW NOVELS AND "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"CECILIA: A STORY OF MODERN ROME."
By F. MARION CRAWFORD.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

in which the fantastic would outweigh the realistic to such an extent that the result would be utter disbelief on the part of the reader. Mr. Marion Crawford, however, being Mr. Marion Crawford, has used his material so deftly that, to those to whom the unknown is not necessarily the impossible, artificiality is always absent, as art is always present. The situation in which his plot centres is refreshingly novel. Cecilia Palladio is a self-hypnotist. In her trance-dreams she is Cecilia the Vestal, the last of the six virgin priestesses attendant upon the Goddess of the Hearth, and is loved from afar by a young Roman whom she, in turn, loves. Cecilia Palladio agrees to marry Guido d'Este, but on the day she first meets him she also meets his friend, Lamberto Lamberti. In him she recognises her dream-lover. That night, in her vision of her former existence, the lovers are no longer distant. "Suddenly, something changed. She no longer saw herself in a vision, she was herself there, somewhere in the dark, in the light—she did not know—and there was no will, nor thought, nor straining resistance any more, for Lamberto Lamberti held her in his arms, her, Cecilia Palladio, her very living self, and his lips were upon hers, and she loved him beyond death, or life, or fear, or torment." So, the willing watcher by the never-dying fire in the Temple in old Rome, becomes in Rome of to-day the unwilling watcher of a never-dying fire in her own heart. The dreams continue, and Lamberti, who, when he first saw her, felt that he had known her before, has similar visions. From the situation thus created springs a series of incidents which end, as the fatalist would argue it could only end, in the rejection of the accepted lover in favour of the dream-lover re-embodied in Lamberti; the predestined proves the inevitable. The story is told with much charm and discrimination.

"A PASTEBOARD CROWN."
By CLARA MORRIS.
(Isbister. 6s.)

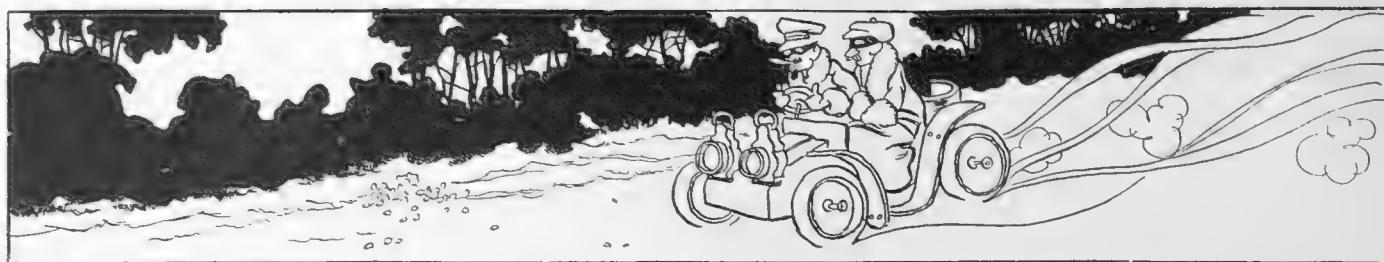
Miss Clara Morris, doubtless encouraged by the great success of her autobiography, has now published another book—this time a novel. It is one thing, however, to write an autobiography, the actual experiences of a great actress, which cannot fail to be of interest, and in which an absence of style would naturally be



counterbalanced by the subject-matter, but it is quite another thing merely to challenge comparison with the other fiction-writers of the day. Yet in so far as many of the author's imaginary characters have a stage setting, in as far they interest, because at once her intimate knowledge of the subject comes to her aid. Thus, she gives us a very clever study in Stewart Thall of a popular actor-manager who has (long before the story opens) bartered his birthright for a mess of pottage, and, forgetting all his early ambitions, is now simply counting the dollars that roll into the box-office. Again, in the accounts of Sybil's career as an actress, and the hard work her profession involved, we have the feeling that we are being allowed a genuine peep behind the scenes, and, were it not for these qualities, we should be disposed to let the defects weigh more heavily, for defects, indeed, there are, such as the too frequent introduction of the wearisome and exaggerated Mrs. Lawton, the unrelieved villainy of the wealthy Mr. Bulkley, and the lack of vitality in the characterisation of Dorothy Lawton. One serious blunder has been allowed to creep into the book, for Sybil, in the course of conversation on "Romeo and Juliet," states that she thought "this potion-taking was a secret between the Friar Romeo and Juliet"! It is difficult to imagine how such an error could, before publication, have escaped detection.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

This year's Christmas Number of *The Sketch* is to be published on Monday next and will be the most delightful publication on the stalls. The artists who have contributed to the number include Phil May, John Hassall (who is also responsible for the cover reproduced on this page), Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, Oscar Wilson, Ralph Cleaver, and other celebrated artists. Twelve pages are printed in colour. Then there are stories by Katharine Tynan, Charles Kennett Burrow, Estelle Burney, Harold Begbie, Keble Howard, and other writers well known to readers of *The Sketch*. Mr. Frank Stayton, the clever young dramatist, contributes a bright dialogue, and there are verses by Nora Chesson, Clifton Bingham, and J. D. Symon. In addition to these manifold attractions, purchasers of this number will be presented with a magnificent coloured plate, entitled "His Fortune." Altogether, it may be said that *The Sketch* Christmas Number for 1902 is the strongest that has yet been published, and that is saying a good deal. Readers are advised to give their orders to newsagents at once, as there will be no reprints.



"GREAT SCOTT! THERE ARE TWO POLICEMEN AND WE'RE TRAVELLING AT 30 MILES AN HOUR!!"



....."AND THE DIFFICULTY IS OVER"

A MOTOR STORY: FOUNDED ON FACT.

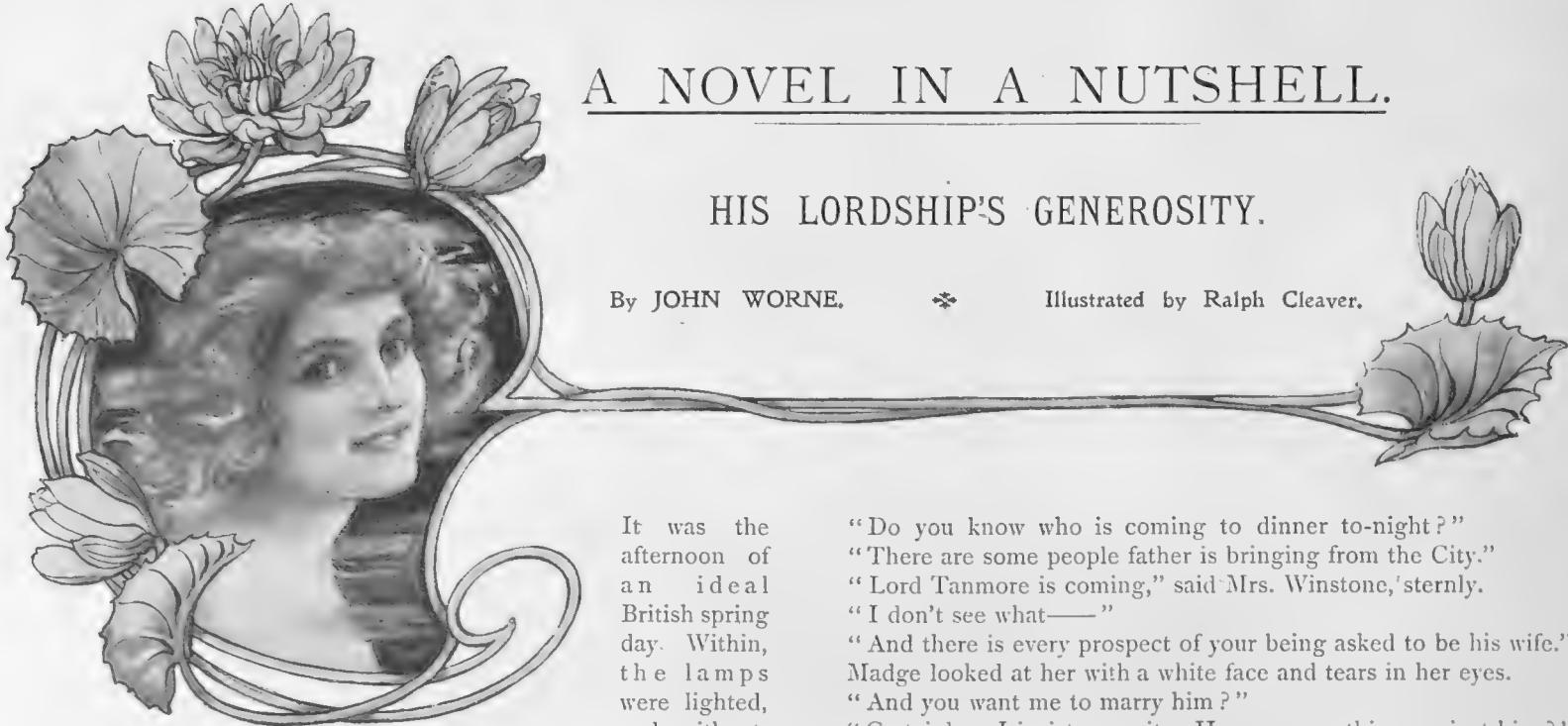
BY RENÉ BULL.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A DUTCHMAN.

BY TOM BROWNE.



V.—"AND THEN, THE JUSTICE; IN FAIR ROUND BELLY, WITH GOOD CAPON LIN'D, WITH EYES SEVERE, AND BEARD OF FORMAL CUT; FULL OF WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES."



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

HIS LORDSHIP'S GENEROSITY.

By JOHN WORNE.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.

cab groped its way along the quiet street, the other side of which was just visible through the yellow fog; in the drawing-room Mrs. Winstone was impatiently waiting for tea, and down below the house-maid was talking to two policemen. It was a highly respectable residential quarter, and the more respectable in that for the last week Mrs. Winstone had been acquainted with a Lord. Her husband had secured him in the City and brought him home to dinner; he had called yesterday; this evening he was to come again, and Mrs. Winstone, remembering the attention he had paid to Madge, felt that a beautiful dream was about to be realised. She caught herself saying, quietly, "Let me introduce my daughter, Lady Tanmore." She wondered if he was a Baron, or was it a Viscount, and asked herself why she had not looked up the point. She had not a copy of "Debrett" in the house, having always prided herself on her contempt for the aristocracy of birth as opposed to the aristocracy of commerce. Alas, how miserably had this contempt collapsed before the onslaught of birth, wealth, and charming manners! For Lord Tanmore was, without doubt, a most charming person, and so rich! What a chance for Madge! And again she drew herself up with well-bred hauteur and spoke to imaginary Countesses, "Let me introduce my daughter, Lady Tanmore." She saw herself driving round to leave cards in Grosvenor Square; she shook hands with Cabinet Ministers in her own drawing-room and smiled the gracious smile of a leader of Society. And then the shooting-parties at Lord Tanmore's place in Yorkshire! She was on the point of going down to the House to hear Mr. Winstone bringing in a Government Bill when she heard a sound behind her, and turned suddenly, to face Madge.

"Is tea ready?" said the girl, looking unusually flushed and pleased.

"Jane is bringing it up," replied her mother; and that moment Jane came in. When she had gone, there was silence, and Mrs. Winstone fell into her reverie again.

Madge, after drinking half a cup, said suddenly, "Mother!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Mother, George has proposed."

Mrs. Winstone started. "What?" she exclaimed, with astonishment.

Madge spoke softly, and her hand was trembling. "I have just met him at the Smiths', and he has—he has asked me to marry him."

Mrs. Winstone froze. "Oh!" she said. "And what did you say?"

"I said—I said—I didn't know; I—I wanted to speak to you."

"You didn't tell him he was talking nonsense?"

"I—I didn't know it was nonsense. I thought—he has enough to marry on, and I—I have plenty."

Mrs. Winstone left Grosvenor Square and the place in Yorkshire, and spoke deliberately and coldly.

"You considered this proposal seriously?"

Madge was frightened. "I thought," she said, "I thought—you've always liked George—I thought you'd be pleased. I asked him to come here to dinner this evening and I would tell him—I never imagined—Mother, mother!" She came round and put her hand on Mrs. Winstone's arm.

"You gave him the impression that you would say 'yes'?"

"Mother, what has happened? Why can't I say 'yes'? We've known each other for years. You knew I—I—loved him."

"Do you know who is coming to dinner to-night?"
 "There are some people father is bringing from the City."
 "Lord Tanmore is coming," said Mrs. Winstone, sternly.
 "I don't see what—" "And there is every prospect of your being asked to be his wife." Madge looked at her with a white face and tears in her eyes.
 "And you want me to marry him?"
 "Certainly. I insist upon it. Have you anything against him?"
 "No, no; but I don't love him!" she cried.
 "Oh!" moaned Mrs. Winstone, in despair for her happy dream.
 "Here is the opportunity of your life: a young man with money and a title—a delightful man, a man who could help your father to be anything he liked—and you throw away your chance for a plain person with four hundred a-year. Why, he isn't even handsome—and we've humoured you in everything all your life—our only daughter—Oh, it's maddening, it's maddening!"

Madge was sobbing.

"Mother, you know I wouldn't dare to offend you."

"No; all you'll get depends on us."

Madge gasped. "Mother! You're angry; you know I didn't mean that. It's cruel to say that. And it's cruel to say I must marry a man I can't love simply for—simply for—"

"Nonsense! It's for your good. And I do insist upon it."

"Mother!"

"Hush! Here's Father; he may have something to say."

Madge hurriedly wiped her tears away and blew her nose nervously; but the attempt to appear as if she were not crying was a dismal failure.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Winstone, entering boisterously. "Tears?"

Mrs. Winstone looked grim, and Madge turned away. She was bursting with a feeling of savage revolt, and could not trust herself to speak. Mr. Winstone looked from one to the other with good-humoured astonishment.

"Come, come!" he said; "it's damp and foggy enough outside. What's the matter? There'll be no more weeping when I tell you my news."

Jane entered, and Madge was profoundly thankful for the interruption.

"Well?" said Mrs. Winstone.

"Please, Ma'am," gasped Jane, "I've just noticed there's two more o' them silver trays missing from the hall."

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Winstone. "Since when?"

"I dunno, sir; I see'd 'em yesterday, but they're gone."

"This is preposterous. I must send round to the police again at once. This is the second time we've been robbed this week."

"Yessir," said Jane; "I always tell the police everythink."

"Did you lock the doors last night?" said Mrs. Winstone.

"Everything was all right when I went to bed," replied her husband, much puzzled.

"It's very extraordinary," said Mrs. Winstone. "I don't see how anybody can have got in from outside."

"I 'ope you're not suggesting as it's any of us," said Jane, flaring up.

"That will do. You may go," said Mrs. Winstone; and Jane went, proudly. In view of her respect—nay, affection—for the officers of the law, the suggestion was cruel.

"This is abominable," said Mr. Winstone.

"I shouln't have thought it of any of the servants," replied Mrs. Winstone. "I'm afraid we must have that detective in again."

Mr. Winstone wrote a note and rang. Jane appeared, haughty and sulky.

"Take this," said Mr. Winstone, "to the police station at once."

"I 'ope," said Jane, "as there's to be no more rummaging in my boxes. It's more than an honest woman can stand, an' me been 'ere four years and not a breath of anythink."

"All right, Jane; all right. If you've done nothing, nothing will happen to you."

"If you call it nothing to 'ave a clumsy fist upsettin' of one's things, an' them packed that tidy an'——"

"All right! You do what you're told."

And Jane went out, prouder than ever.

Mr. Winstone then went the round of the house and could find no trace of a burglar at any of the windows. When he came back his cheerfulness had vanished, so Mrs. Winstone asked him what his good news was.

"Good news?" he said. "Oh, yes; this infernal business had put it out of my head. Yes, my dear; good news."

He paused dramatically. Madge got up, wearily, to go.

"Don't go, my girl. It will please you as much as your mother."

Madge sat down again, but her thoughts were far away.

"I saw Lord Tanmore this afternoon."

He paused and smiled knowingly.

"Well?" said Mrs. Winstone, eagerly.

"He asked me a question."

Another pause; then he went on, "Are you listening, my girl?"

Madge, seized with a horrid fear, nodded without turning round. Mr. Winstone stroked her hair.

"Shy little creature," he said, with ponderous gaiety. "He asked me a question. You know the question, eh, my dear?"

The fear became a terrible certainty. She gasped. "And you told him——?" She stopped.

"I told him I was delighted, but he must get his answer this evening from somebody else. Now, who can that somebody else be?"

Everything swam before her eyes, and she rose and walked to the window. She looked out into the fog, and her heart called to George in despair. And her father took it all for maidenly reserve. She knew he meant to be kind, and thought he was bringing her the best news in the world; she would do anything to please him, but it was cruel to expect this, and she struggled to crush down bitter anger against them both.

"Well, little girl? Still shy, eh? That's right, that's right. And my Lady will sometimes invite her poor old father and mother to her receptions, eh? Not to dinner, of course, but drop in afterwards, and you'll shake hands at the top of the stairs."

He laughed his hearty laugh. Oh, how it jarred!

"Well, well, he'll get his answer this evening. Come and kiss me." She turned and kissed him hurriedly.

"Hullo!" he said; "more tears. What's up? Too much joy?" She could not answer, and hurried from the room.

"The deuce!" said Mr. Winstone, suddenly changing his tone and looking inquiringly at his wife. "What's the trouble?"

"The trouble is," said Mrs. Winstone, "that young Dent proposed this afternoon, and she practically accepted him."

"What?" he gasped. "She doesn't want to marry Tanmore?" The idea struck him, a business-man, as ludicrous.

"Apparently not," said Mrs. Winstone, dryly.

"But—but—she must! Does she know what it means to me? But I suppose I oughtn't to think of that."

"Yes, you ought, and so must she. What does it mean to you?"

"Well, it's the chance of a lifetime. The connection—I get him on to the Board. Why, it opens up all kinds of possibilities—not for me only. Bless my soul! Isn't he handsome enough? Isn't he young enough? Why, any girl would jump at him."

"You leave it to me," said Mrs. Winstone, quietly. "I can talk to her between now and dinner-time. I'll wire to young Dent that it's impossible, and tell him not to come."

Mr. Winstone half relented. "You won't be hard on her?"

"You leave it to me; we are not going to lose everything for the passing whim of a school-girl. There are two people who will get their answer to-night."

Dinner had just been announced, and Lord Tanmore was offering his arm gracefully to Mrs. Winstone, when the bell rang and an awkward young man with red hair and freckles appeared at the door. Madge felt suddenly hot and red, and Mrs. Winstone was so startled that she said, "You didn't get my wire?"

"Wire?" said George. "No, thank you; it wasn't necessary. Miss Winstone told me this afternoon that I was to come."

Mrs. Winstone was not clever at concealing her annoyance, and, when George saw that a place was being hurriedly laid for him, he wondered what on earth the wire said. This prevented him from being quite at his ease. He looked at Madge for an explanation, but she was at the other side of the table, next to Lord Tanmore, and she never raised her eyes from her plate. That, again, was disconcerting. During the soup, when Lord Tanmore paused for a moment

in his brilliant conversation (he really was a most attractive person), George thought he ought to say something.

"Do you know," he began, "as I came in a policeman looked in my face curiously, and there was another quite near."

"Yes," said Mr. Winstone, "we are being watched. During the last week we have missed a considerable quantity of valuable silver."

"Dear me!" said George; "and those fellows are to prevent people from coming in?"

"People who are not wanted," said Mrs. Winstone, "and they are very incompetent in their work."

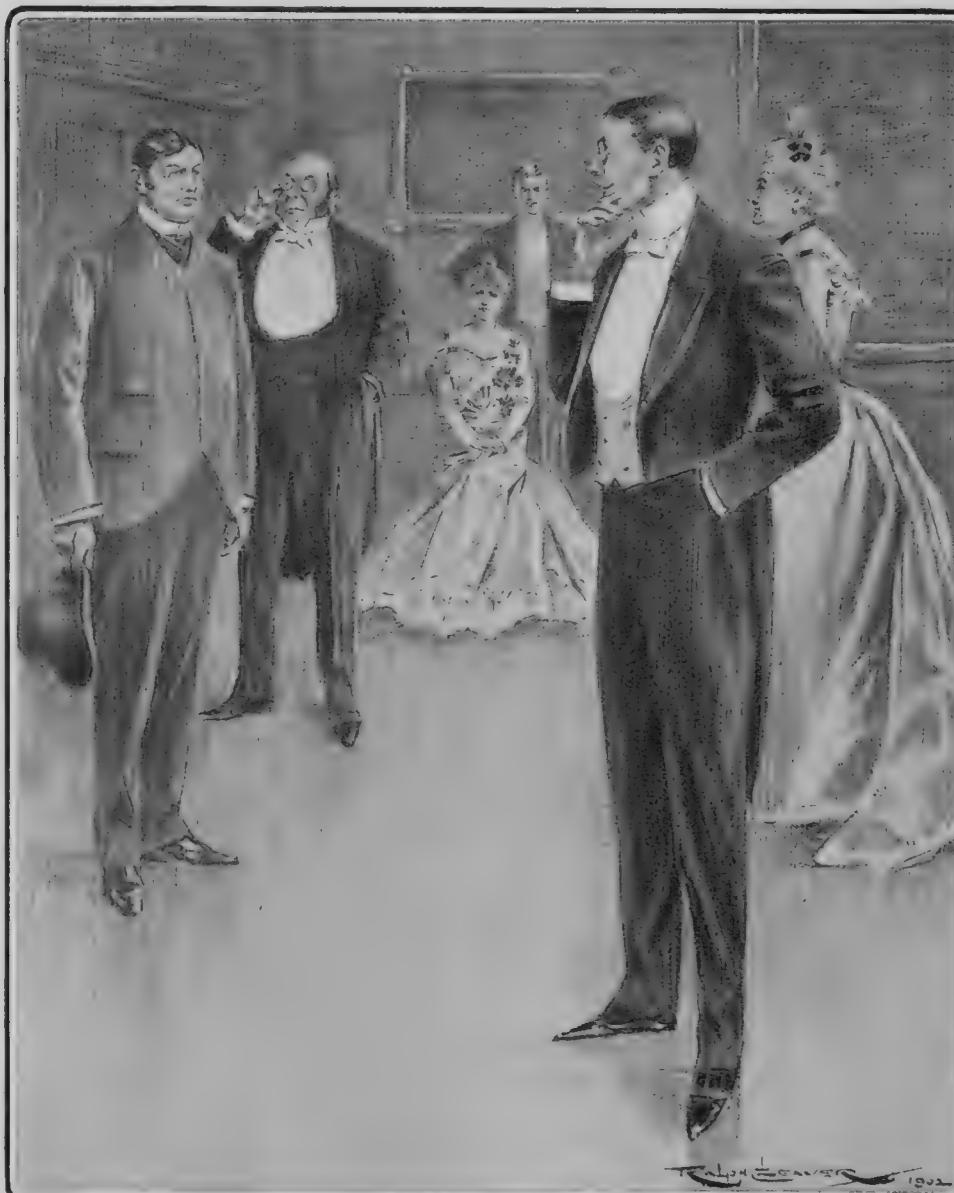
"Indeed?" said George, and wondered if she suspected him.

"They are also there to prevent people from getting out," said Mr. Winstone.

"Oh dear!" said Lord Tanmore, plaintively. "And am I to be searched before I can go home to-night?"

Mr. Winstone laughed heartily. "I can picture them searching you!"

"Please don't," said his Lordship. "Silver spoons spoil the shape of one's clothes; I don't like to think of such a thing."



"How hot it is!" said Lord Tanmore. "May I open the window?"

"His LORDSHIP'S GENEROSITY."

He then proceeded to tell some admirable anecdotes about burglars, and Mrs. Winstone was half pleased that the awkward youth had turned up, that Madge might be able to compare the two and see what a foolish thing she had been on the point of doing.

But Madge never even smiled ; she was not engaged, as her mother was, in comparing George's clumsiness with the polished visitor from a higher world ; and as she said nothing, and Mrs. Winstone was annoyed at her silence, and George was puzzled and apprehensive about everything, the conversation developed into funny stories by Lord Tanmore and loud laughter by Mr. Winstone, at which high level it remained during the whole of the dinner.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Mrs. Winstone told George how sorry she was that he had to go so early; but he, with a most unpardonable want of tact, explained that he could stay as long as she liked, and crossed over rapidly to Madge.

"Madge," he said, softly, and for the first time that evening she looked into his face. He was startled at the tears in her eyes.

"Darling, what is the matter? Isn't my answer 'yes'?"

"Please don't ask me," she said, with a sob.

He was silent for a moment and tried to touch her hand.

She drew it away quickly.

"I am sorry," he said. "I apologise."

"No, no; it's my fault!"

"I thought—from this afternoon—"

"Yes, yes, I know; but I can't—I can't."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's horrid," she moaned; "it's horrid!"

"I don't understand," he said, blankly.

"I don't understand, either; it's all—Oh, what am I to do?"

She rose and turned away from him.

"Do you love me?"

"I mustn't; it's impossible."

"Why is it impossible, if you do?"

"Oh, I am a coward!"

He was beginning to understand.

"You mean—they say—you've to marry that man?" She nodded. "And the wire was to tell me not to come?" Again she nodded. "Did you send it?" She shook her head.

"Mrs. Winstone sent it," he said. "Could you have sent it?"

She made no sign.

"Do you mean to marry that man?"

"Oh, don't make it harder for me!" she pleaded. "You don't know what it means to—to father—to everybody."

"You love me, and you are going to marry that man?"

Madge could not reply. Mrs. Winstone, at the other side of the room, was doing her best to conceal her wrath as she watched them talking together in low tones; and all the time, with a most exasperating stupidity, Mr. Winstone was proudly showing Lord Tanmore the pictures. As if he had come to see pictures! She had almost bullied Madge into making a definite promise, and her fool of a husband was dilating on the price he had paid for a couple of cows feeding at sunset.

"Why not tell Lord Tanmore everything? He's a gentleman and may behave like one," said George.

"No, no!" said Madge, with an appealing gesture.

"I will," said George, with determination.

Mrs. Winstone crossed over. "Madge," she said, "Lord Tanmore has said he would like you to show him your sketches." Madge turned away with a trembling lip.

"Mrs. Winstone," said George, "is my answer to be 'no'?"

"Could you expect anything else?" she replied, coldly; and, luckily, at that moment Lord Tanmore arrived, and George sank into insignificance.

When told about the sketches, his Lordship bowed with the charm which made his every action a triumph of polished art, and said it was the one thing he had lived for. Madge produced a portfolio, and he sat down beside her. Mrs. Winstone was just devising a method of getting George away, when that young man proved that he could shine at a crisis.

"Lord Tanmore," he said, half frightened at his own courage.

"Yes?" replied his Lordship, absently. "Ah! Now this is a delightful little piece of landscape! Where did you do this?"

"Lord Tanmore," said George, and Mrs. Winstone tried desperately to interrupt him. "Lord Tanmore, you are going to propose to Miss Winstone, I am told."

His Lordship was startled, and looked up with polite surprise.

Words failed Mrs. Winstone.

"I think it only right to tell you—that—that—Miss Winstone—"

"Mr. Dent!" exclaimed Mrs. Winstone.

"I will tell him! Miss Winstone loves me, and they are forcing her to accept you because—because—"

Mrs. Winstone laughed awkwardly and her husband gasped.

"This is nonsense," she said, hurriedly. "Mr. Dent, will you kindly—?"

"No," said Lord Tanmore, gently. "No, I will admit—if Miss Winstone will allow me—that I was going to ask her to do me the honour of becoming my wife." Madge looked up quickly, full of hope. "If this is true, of course, I—"

"But it isn't true, it isn't true! Madge, say it isn't true!" Mrs. Winstone said, almost with a scream.

Before Madge could reply, Lord Tanmore went on, with quiet dignity, "I did not, of course, want to talk about it so openly; but I would not for worlds do anything to force Miss Winstone."

"Thank you, sir," said George, wringing his hand warmly.

Madge rose and looked at them both. She had never thought so well of his Lordship.

"I am bound," he went on, "in my own interest, to confess that I—that I—love Miss Winstone." He turned away and there was a suspicion of a tear in his eye. "I had no idea that there was this—this difficulty in the way . . . You understand me?" And he held out his hand again. "You will forgive me?"

George seized it with an impulsive generosity.

"I only want fair play," he said; "I only want Madge to be able to choose freely between us; if she chooses you, I will go away."

"No," replied Lord Tanmore, with wonderful tenderness; "I am afraid I have no claim . . . I am sorry." He turned towards the door with bowed head.

"No," said Mrs. Winstone, eagerly. "Madge, you *do* love him!"

Lord Tanmore turned, and, with courtly grace, kissed Madge's hand.

"Miss Winstone will forgive my presumption in daring to think that possibly—"

His voice broke. Never had Madge found the question so difficult: this was so unexpected; it would be hard to accept him, but at the moment it was still harder to refuse. And her mother's eyes were upon her; and George, dear George, was waiting—

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Winstone, with irritation, said, "Come in!" Lord Tanmore drew himself up quickly.

It was Jane, who said, "A gentleman to see Lord Tanmore."

"To see me?" said Lord Tanmore, with a start.

A portly person with large boots and an automatic delivery stepped in. He touched his forelock to Mr. Winstone, who looked surprised. Then he turned to Lord Tanmore.

"I arrest you," he said, stolidly, "on a warrant for stealing jewellery to the value of forty-three thousand pounds from the Hotel Imperial on the twenty-second of—"

"How hot it is!" said Lord Tanmore. "May I open the window?"

"No use, sir; I've got three men out there. Also for luggage thefts at Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross Stations on the twenty-seventh day of March last; also for obtaining by false pretences—"

"My dear man," said Mr. Winstone, "you're making a mistake! This is Lord Tanmore, my friend."

"Yessir; alias Count Blavenski of Vienna ('e 'ad red whiskers then); alias Sir William Turnfield; alias John—"

"But," said Mrs. Winstone, white with anger, "this is impossible!"

The detective signalled to a constable, who entered with an armful of silver. Lord Tanmore furtively measured the space between himself and the door.

"No good, sir," said the detective; "you had better come quietly. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say will be taken down and used in evidence—"

"Yes, yes," said his Lordship. "This is a gross outrage. You will be sorry for this! You come into a gentleman's house and—"

"Is this your property, sir?" the man asked. He was quite used to protests of this kind.

"That is ours, yes," said Mr. Winstone, bewildered.

"Found at his hotel, sir. Now, are you coming?"

"I swear this is some ridiculous mistake!"

"Allow me," said the man, and, putting his hand into Lord Tanmore's coat, he produced from a place where one does not usually wear a pocket three silver salt-cellars and a quantity of spoons. "Are you coming?"

Lord Tanmore passed out with dignity between two policemen to a cab.

"Will you kindly come to the station, sir, and see if we 'ave any more of your property?" said the detective.

Mr. Winstone followed with a dazed expression, and Mrs. Winstone snorted and went to bed.

George and Madge watched the cab drive away.

"Listen!" said Madge.

A raucous shriek from a boy running: "Sensational capture of a notorious swindler! Extry speshul!"

"What sweet music it is!" said George.

"Tell me, dear," said Madge, "is penal servitude *very* unpleasant?"



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S new comedy "The Unforeseen," will, it is now settled, be produced by Messrs. Harrison and Maude at the Haymarket next Tuesday, the 2nd prox. Although Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) is out of the cast of this play, it is gratifying to learn (as I do, on that lady's own authority) that she is not "standing down" through ill-health, as has been stated, but solely by virtue of a previous arrangement. Whenever a play may be needed to follow "The Unforeseen," it will doubtless be the comedy upon which Mr. Pinero has for some time been engaged. It is a good many years since Mr. Pinero wrote for the Haymarket. Indeed, it was some twenty years ago—during the Bancroft management—that his clever but unequal comedy, "Lords and Commons," was produced there.

An experiment which should be deeply interesting to all old-play loving *Sketch* readers is to be made by Miss Anna Mather at the Hampstead Conservatoire, near Swiss Cottage Station, to-morrow (Thursday) night. This is the revival, for the first time for over two hundred and ninety years, of the quaint comedy entitled "Humour Out of Breath." This play is by John Day, a dramatist of considerable fancy, who had it enacted, mostly by the Children of the King's Revels, exactly eight years, to the very month, before Shakspere died; in point of fact, the very year that John Milton was born. Speaking from some acquaintance with this scarce comedy, I can promise my readers that they will find "Humour Out of Breath" full of quaint but shrewd views on all sorts of subjects, including various kinds of love and a species of lawn-tennis, not to mention blindman's buff, assassination, and angling.

I observe that the fact (originally announced by me in these columns) that the Criterion would re-open in a much improved condition and with a new comedy by Mr. Richard Claude Carton has been extensively copied around the Press. I have only now to add that Mr. Arthur Chudleigh tells me that he will be the Manager with Mr. Charles Frohman, and that the date of production will, in all probability, be New Year's Day 1903.

Mr. Murray Carson tells me that the play which I mentioned long ago as having been written by him and the ingenious Mr. Max Beerbohm—a play still entitled "The Fly on the Wheel"—is really at length to be tried in public. It is to be produced at the Coronet, Notting Hill, on Dec. 8, "there or thereabouts," with a cast including Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Winifred Arthur Jones, Miss Henrietta Watson, Mr. Cecil-Ramsey, Mr. Leslie Faber, and Mr. Carson himself.

Speaking of Mr. Murray Carson, I may as well here mention that you must not be overwhelmed with surprise if you find him being an histrionically concerned at the Adelphi with one of our best declamatory actors. I dare say you can guess his name.

No! It is *not* Mr. Wilson Barrett, although that powerful and popular actor would, it was thought, bring his new "Alfred the Great" drama to the Adelphi in due course. Mr. Barrett has wired me, however, that he cannot at present make any arrangements as to producing this new play at the West-End, on account of being unable to cancel his long list of provincial and suburban dates. This week, Mr. Barrett and Company are playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, after all, changed his mind as to playing the Pope in "The Eternal City" at Dublin this week, and elected, instead, to cling to his impersonation of Bonelli. His understudy, Mr. S. A. Cookson, deputised for Mr. Tree during his one night's absence from His Majesty's.

Mr. Tree, who is now busily rehearsing "Richard the Second" for production at His Majesty's whenever the present colossal business with "The Eternal City" drops, may, I learn, produce in due course an English adaptation of the new French adaptation of Tolstoi's undeniably powerful but certainly somewhat pessimistic Russian story, "Resurrection."

"A Daughter of Sorrow" is the name of a dramatic sketch of a most intense and "searching" character lately tried with great success by that remarkably versatile actress and mimic, Miss Alice Pierce.

The Society of Promoters of Charity, which distributes bread, meat, coals, &c., to the poor during the winter, will have its Annual Ticket Benefit at Drury Lane from Monday next till the following Saturday inclusive, when that stirring Old Drury new drama, "The Best of Friends," will be played. Tickets—which alone will benefit the good cause—may be had of the Treasurer, Mr. Daniel Angel (Messrs. Morris Angel and Co.), 30, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square, or of the Secretary, Mr. L. J. Salomons, 59, Finsbury Park, N.

Mr. George Edwardes's Gaiety Company, with "The Toreador," are making a week's stay at Kennington Theatre. The Company and production are similar to that which appeared here and played to record business in the spring. Mr. Arthur announces, to follow this, Miss Olga Nethersole, with the entire Adelphi Theatre Company and production in "Sapho."



Roma (Miss Viola Allen).

Pope Pius X. (Mr. E. M. Holland).

A SCENE FROM "THE ETERNAL CITY," AS PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

KEY-NOTES

PROBABLY the most interesting event in the musical world, so far as London is concerned, that has happened for a very long time is the visit of the Meiningen Orchestra, which has displayed its virtuosity during the past week at St. James's Hall in a manner that has aroused the admiration of the public and the most exacting critics of the London Press. Perhaps the most extraordinary quality in connection with the performances that one has attended is the amazing interpretations of the work of Brahms, who has been long misunderstood by many musical enthusiasts simply for the reason that his work has seldom had the chance of perfect interpretation. Those who study the scores of Brahms as they leap to the eye from the score-paper, and who for that reason imagine that they understand that composer's work thoroughly, have in their mind's eye a perfect interpretation, and, in consequence, lecture the world as to the magnificence of their ideal composer.

In this respect Brahms is absolutely unique. Wagner, for example, never could—or, at all events, never would—understand the meaning of Brahms; and this was probably because he found himself incapable of realising Brahms in performance. The present writer has times out of number attempted to understand the real significance of Brahms in his symphonic writing as well as in such a work as his Requiem; but you need, as it now appears, a perfect interpretation for the understanding of that remote, frosty, yet keen intelligence which was always alert (even as the cold of winter is alert) to persuade the hearer that at the back of all his musical inspiration there is a spring to follow. "And every winter turns to spring"—that should be the motto set over every score of any importance that Brahms ever wrote.

Let this, then, be set down as a particular note of praise for the Meiningen Orchestra. In other respects, also, these musicians have deserved the great reputation which, in the critical world, they undoubtedly have received. Their unanimity is wonderful, and their individual accomplishment is even more extraordinary; their playing of a Bach Concerto for wind instruments was, for example, among the special experiences of one who has understood the novel things of music very thoroughly now for many years. In a word, this band out-rivals anything that we have heard in England from foreign shores since the day when Lamoureux brought to the Queen's Hall his Paris Orchestra, to teach us how an absolutely reverential attention to a score produces finer results than that peculiar habit of "blurring" which a well-known critic once asserted to be the necessary adjunct of a right interpretation of great works.

Is Richter, then, seriously going to leave us? One can scarcely believe the thing possible; he has been an institution (as it were) for so many years that his departure has in it something of the elements of tragedy. One must remember that, outside the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Richter was the chief of those who attempted to teach England the art of conducting. One says "outside the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan" just because this English musician has, as it seems to us, never received the recognition which he merited as a conductor by any of those who have been condescending enough to write about his personality. To return, however, to Richter, it is impossible to avoid the fact that his powers as a conductor came as a sort of revelation to this country in an art which he had chosen for

himself. It may be true that the "Villa Wahnfried" describes him as a mere horn-player whom Wagner patronised, but the fact remains that he has done great things, not only in the spreading of Wagner's own work throughout Europe, but also in the advancement of musical ideas and in the interest of that great lesson which we have only realised in recent times, that the art of conducting is a personal art. The concert which he gave the other night at the St. James's Hall was signalised chiefly by the admirable interpretation given to Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Berlioz is a master whose work is too little understood of the public; and, accordingly, save for his more or less popular "Faust," his work is rarely interpreted in the ordinary concert-room. This Symphony, however, is so grand and so vivid a master-piece that it is a pity we do not hear it oftener. The mingling of beauty with an almost diabolical ingenuity in the scoring is among the greatest achievements that one knows of in the art of music. It is strange to think that Berlioz never founded a school in music, as Wagner did, as Mozart did, as Rossini did. He stands a lonely giant, like some solitary and immense rock in the waste of an immeasurable ocean. He was a portent rather than an influence, a solitary figure to whose territories no argosies are bound. The last movement of this particular Symphony, with the dreadful intrusion (one uses the word "dreadful" without any reference to its slang meaning) of the "Dies Irae," is among the most monumental conceptions in the whole history of music. As has been said, the interpretation was admirable. Richter is as fine a Berlioz conductor as he is a Wagner conductor, and to say that is to say much indeed. His band was like Buller's Army: "The men were splendid."

Men may come and men may go, but Patti goes on for ever. There never was, surely, such an example before of a beautiful voice retaining for so long its ripeness and richness. It is true that her "fireworks" are not quite so brilliant as of yore; now and then you catch a hard little note that reminds one of the inevitable passage of years. But the middle register of her voice still remains wonderfully liquid, and her Mozart singing is still not to be surpassed. At her concert on Thursday last at the Albert Hall, she gave, as an encore to a feeble Donizetti song, Mozart's divine "Voi che Sapete." And divinely did she sing it. Those tender (yet strictly poised) phrases were, as she interpreted them, in Shakspere's line, "like captain jewels in the carcanet." Her singing of the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" was another story; but still, though time brings change, Patti remains one of the most remarkable figures in the history of vocal art.

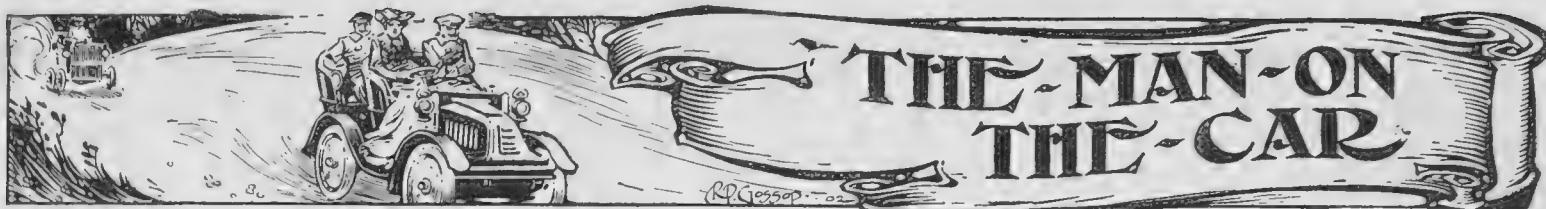
A violin recital given by Hans Neumann was arranged for Monday last at the St. James's Hall. He was to be assisted by Miss Hélène Valma. The matter may be dealt with subsequently.—COMMON CHORD.

Among the new plays shortly to be seen in the best suburban circles are the following: "The Prophecy," written by Mr. Richard (now labelled as "Dick") Ganthony, who, ignoring Messages from Mars this time, has built his piece around an Eclipse of the Sun; and "Old Flames," an old-named new play written by Mr. G. D. Day and Allan Reed. This first-named play is to be produced at the Grand, Fulham, next Monday, the second on the following Monday.



MADAME FANNY MOODY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Motors at the Cycle Shows—Two-seated Vehicles—Irish Aspirations—King, Kaiser, and Premier—Legal Spies.

TWO of the five Metropolitan exhibitions including automobiles promised for this winter season are now in progress. The Stanley Show is running its twenty-sixth annual cycle exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, with a motor section added; and the National Cycle Show at the Crystal Palace, which was established in opposition to the Stanley Club eleven years ago, on a date arranged to clash, has now developed a sufficiently numerous motor-car department to eclipse its cycling interest. But the Motor Shows proper, unconnected with cycling, at both these buildings are fixtures for a later date, while the fifth exhibition, for January, appears to be altogether a superfluity. Motor-cycles as an excrescence on the Cycle Shows seem reasonable enough, and there is plenty of evidence of the increased popularity of the motor-bicycle. Motor-cycling first developed along the line of three-wheelers and quadricycles, with balance-gearred double driving, and almost died out owing to the weight, waste of power, and noisiness of these machines. Then came a wave of popularity for the motor-bicycle, but now there are signs of the reappearance of motor-tricycles, with passenger-seats in front, not built with double driving, but like bicycles as to the rear portion, the most conspicuous examples of this newly evolved type being the Humber "Olympia" at the National and Mr. J. van Hooydonk's "Trimo" at the Stanley.

This type of vehicle has several advantages. It is lighter, and mechanically more efficient than a two-seat quadricycle, and more sociable than a bicycle and trailer-car, which involve a somewhat distant companionship as well as coming within the limitations of the regulations of the Local Government Board reducing the speed to a maximum of six miles an hour. A further minor point is that the tax for such a vehicle, as a three-wheeler, is only fifteen shillings, whereas the four-wheeled machine stands liable for a couple of guineas. Practically, a more valuable feature of the tricycle tandem is that it does not involve a balance, or the dismounting of the passenger concurrently with the pedaller. A trailer attached to a bicycle does not confer on the combination the stability possessed by the tricycle.

If the approval of the Automobile Club were all that determined whether the race for the Gordon Bennett Cup should be held next year in Ireland, the event might be considered a fixture. Mr. Claud Johnson, the Club Secretary, Count Zborowski on his racing Mercedes whereon he competed in the last race from Paris to Vienna, and Mr. J. D. Siddeley, Chairman of the Birmingham branch of the Club, have been route-hunting in the sister isle, and although they condemned Mr. Mecredy's suggested course as too curly, they have hit on a road which might answer their purpose. But facing the Club, wherever it seeks to hold the contest, is the eternal bogie of the legal limit. It may, no doubt, be daily and hourly broken with impunity, but no organised event could be carried on without a special dispensation, and the men of law are agreed that nothing short of a special Act for the purpose would legalise a road-race on any public roads in any part of the United Kingdom. Therefore, the whole of the speculation turns on the probabilities of getting a special Act passed.

The King and the Kaiser are both keen on motoring, and the German Emperor is said to have a great fancy for a flutter at speed. The King's 22 horse-power Daimler, after all, is not geared on its fourth speed to a maximum of twelve miles an hour, and the Prime Minister, whose new car is one of the light 12 horse-power Napiers, with a top speed of fifty miles an hour, cannot always hold himself in at a crawling speed. Mr. Balfour has said that the motor-car will help to solve the problem of congestion of traffic and overcrowding, and it is no secret that the German Emperor recognises also the overwhelming importance of the growth of automobilism, both as a means of escape from crowded areas and for the opening-up of remote districts. What matters the clamouring of the Rural Council of Little Podlington for a reversion to a four-miles-an-hour limit, when the farsighted leaders of thought and the great men of real influence set the example of reasonable speed in proper places, and are resolved that there shall be no repetition of the strangling methods that killed incipient motoring in the thirties?

Our notorious legal limit has bred a species of spy, which in turn has produced a new kind of scout; and so the game goes on. Normally irreproachable policemen have taken to hiding in hedges and trapping motorists on tempting stretches of safe and open road. Amateur scouts, out of sheer generosity, have in scores of cases revealed the traps to approaching automobilists, and now wordy warfare wages as to the legality of thus queering the pitches of the lurking policemen. There can be no offence in warning a man not to commit an offence, and the citizen who hoists a placard announcing a danger-spot assists in the prevention of the commission of an offence. He is blameless. He is not an aider and abettor of law-breakers, but

prompts persons who might otherwise be a little lax to strict obedience of the exact letter of the law.



A MOTOR HONEYMOON: MISS AGNES FRASER AND MR. WALTER PASSMORE.

Photograph by Oswald Parker, Sheffield.

The name of Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, has long been considered a guarantee of excellence of workmanship in the watch-making world. Messrs. Smith are, however, always initiating improvements and making new departures, and one of the latest of these is their "Strand" Automobile Timepiece. The outside case is of hardened metal, and by an ingenious arrangement is absolutely rain-proof, the fittings in which the watch is placed preventing all shaking and damage to the works. It may be carried in the pocket, or attached to the motor in such a way that it is impossible to remove either case or watch, and is a thoroughly strong and reliable article. The watch may also be had fitted with an electric-light attachment and dry batteries, the tiny lamp being fixed inside the glass, and thus perfectly protected from injury. One of these electric timepieces has been supplied to His Majesty the King.



THE WORLD OF SPORT

Backers Score—Steeplechasing—Kempton Park.

IT can truthfully be said that in the bulk backers have had the better of bookmakers during the flat-racing season just ended.

The layers complain of having to pay twenty shillings in the pound when they have thousands of pounds' worth of bad debts. One bookmaker who does a big business among City men and Army officers told me, the other day, that during the last fifteen years his bad debts had averaged ten thousand pounds per year, but this year they had totalled up to eighteen thousand pounds. Young "sports" come to the Turf and bet on the nod as long as they are allowed to do so. Directly their credit is stopped they quit, and never think of paying a halfpenny of their losses. But I began by telling how backers had fared this year. Of course, I mean the sensible ones, who, by information and judgment, are able to make a living, and a decent one too, by their speculations. The apprentice allowance has helped these gentlemen a lot. They wisely contend that, if an owner pays a tall figure for the services of a good apprentice, the animal to be ridden must have an unbeatable chance. It is also safe to add that the apprentice is every time riding for the backer and against the bookmaker, so to speak. In the old days of the jockey rings, form told for very little. Now, the public backs a horse consistently, and the bookies lay the animal for all they are worth, but, with a good apprentice up, the backers in the end have to receive. Twenty years ago, non-triers and animals half-fit were known only to the bookies. Now, the active backer has all this information in his possession long before the layers get hold of it, and often the professional backer has an exclusive or two up his sleeve.

The critics of the National Hunt Committee are freely discussing the winter sport. It is generally agreed that the prize-money given at steeple-chase meetings will have to be enlarged, and, if His Majesty the King would only attend some of the Metropolitan jumping meetings, I believe the sport would hum. The National Hunt Committee ought to be reorganised, and I suggest that every Master of Foxhounds in the country be elected an honorary member. I am certain this suggestion would be of service to the sport, and it would give Masters of Foxhounds an incentive to work for the popularisation of jumping meetings. Indeed, I do not see why the

Point-to-Point races should not be affiliated to district National Hunt meetings and run in addition to the ordinary six races that go to make up an afternoon's programme. These mixed entertainments would attract the locals in their hundreds, and they would prove to be entertaining to all comers. It is local colour that we want to make steeplechasing pay, but to attract this the deadly "graves" must be modified. As I have said before, owners object to risk valuable horses over these tricky fences, and the authorities must have them built on natural lines. The jockeys, too, object to risk their lives on half-schooled animals over a country.

There will be a meeting at Kempton Park under National Hunt Rules on Friday and Saturday which should prove a big draw. The going is always good at Sunbury, and the place is so well served in the matter of the train-service that good fields are always assured. Many of the uninitiated may not be aware of the fact that it is possible to go to Kempton and back on the rainiest of rainy days without getting wet, thanks to the enterprise of the Management in providing covered

walks from the station to the stands. The Members' and Grand Stands at Kempton are substantial structures, from both of which the racing is easily seen. It is necessary to warn backers against plunging on jumpers at this season of the year, as many of them are only half-trained, while others may be qualifying for some of the fatter prizes to be obtained at the beginning of the New Year. There should be a good field for the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap on Friday. Lady Massey is very fit and is a splendid jumper. The Raft may make his début as a hurdler in this race. If he does no better over timber than he did on the flat, he ought to be sent to the kennels forthwith. Hearavon, who has been worked hard of late, should go close, and Papdale may run well, but I shall give my vote to Lady Massey. A poor acceptance has been received for the Middlesex Steeple-chase, two miles, to be run on Saturday. Oban, Cassock's Pride, Sweet Charlotte, and Berners have been winners over the course. The last-named, who is owned by Mr. H. Bottomley, ought to win, and I think Drumree, who is the property of the Duke of Westminster, will run well. Drumree was fancied for the Grand National last spring.—CAPTAIN COE.



LORD ROTHSCHILD'S SHOOTING-LODGE IN THE WOODS NEAR TRING PARK. THIS LODGE IS FREQUENTLY USED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT Siberia should have been let loose in London while we were all disporting ourselves in a belated spring-time, and wearing furs rather for ornament than use, comes as a distinct and dispiriting shock to us mild Metropolitans. Chapped hands, red noses, scarified lips, purple faces, and all other physical *malheurs* which



AN ELEGANTLY DRAPED WALKING-GOWN.

[Copyright.]

produce at the Restaurant of the Hyde Park Hotel across the way. Since Ritz has waved his magic wand over this splendidly situated building a new order has indeed arisen, and the Queen of smart yet quiet family hotels may now be described as the Hyde Park. Ladies can lunch there with the "utmost propriety," to quote an obsolete but expressive phrase, while everything is so thoroughly well done and the surroundings as harmonious as the food is excellent.

Consequent on the closing of the Cercle at Ostend, greatly increased numbers are anticipated for the Riviera this season, more especially, of course, at Monte Carlo. Some harbingers of the Southern winter have, in fact, already arrived, and from Beaulieu I received, some mornings since, two pages of indignant strictures on the unseemly attitude adopted by the weather. "To come South and find Mont Chauve covered in snow, while we ourselves have had to embark on winter clothes hastily purchased at Nice, is indeed one of life's little ironies," wails an injured correspondent. People have not, seemingly, yet grasped the fact that for warm weather in November one must go farther South than Southern France. Brilliant sunshine can be had, but not a temperature of seventy. White woollen and cloth gowns trimmed with white fox or astrachan are favourite wearables there as here, and white hats are everywhere. Greenland seal is much affected by motor-maniacs, who abound on the pleasant Corniche Road. It is of a silvery-grey colour and comparatively inexpensive, fifteen pounds purchasing a medium-length garment. When cuffed and collared with chinchilla or mink, as some smart ladies like it, the price and appearance are naturally much enhanced. Norwegian deer is another of the new skins pressed into active service by the advent of the automobile, and very nice it looks with smartly stitched cuffs and cape-collar of greyish velvet to match. Velvet gowns are, by the way, the thing just now in Paris. Very lovely they look, too, by day or night, on blonde or brunette, and the one thing needful in making one's choice is to choose the colour that goes sympathetically with hair and complexion. I lately met a rose-pink velvet profusely trimmed with pearl embroidery and



A VELVET GOWN AND A NEW SABLE STOLE.

imagination can seize or icy north-easters account for, have suddenly become the common lot of us poor islanders, and how Henry Kingsley could have written an ode to that most uncomfortable of blizzards becomes more than ever a matter of amazement. Nevertheless, here we are, with Christmas in front and a glacial period upon us, so the philosophy of such inspiriting surroundings is to wrap ourselves warmly round and take such cold (or hot) comfort as we may.

Being merely woman, and of chilly habit, I have, forthwith, flown to furs and to Poland, where they chiefly come from. By which, *bien entendu*, I mean not Russia's distressful province, but the Poland of Oxford Street—centre not alone of that indispensable thoroughfare, but of women's interest as well, where furs and fur garments are concerned, at all events. Here one sees all the old friends, sable, ermine, mink, marmot, seal, chinchilla, made up into newest and quite fascinating shapes, while such lately discovered claimants of our admiration as Russian pony, otter, baby lamb, and so forth, are displayed in the most captivating form and invitingly comfortable outline. Poland's prices are moderate, while the quality of Poland's furs is superlative, and in this all is said. For it has been known, mark you, that trimmings of tabby have occasionally emulated expensive ermine, while bold brown rat has been introduced to Society as a substitute for sable. But at Poland's these plebeian animals are non-existent, and we can confidently render up our guineas, feeling that their costly equivalents are well and worthily bartered.

While on the perennial topic of shopping, it occurs to me that many women who come up from the country and duly patronise the smart shops round about Knightsbridge might be usefully reminded that they can get the best luncheon money can buy or a *cordon bleu*

écru Limerick lace. Well cut, on the lines of a Princess robe, it made a faultless setting for a pretty, fair-haired woman. A rich emerald-green velvet, not too bright in tone, suits either a fair or dark style, and a cloak of tomato-red velvet panne, profusely toned down with jet and fine black Chantilly, seemed the most perfect possible wrap with its collar of black fox and stole-ends of much-beflowered chiffon. This latter garment had come from the Paris Paquin, and was going to

Cape Town, "where the nuggets come from." "Frost-bitten purple," I was assured recently by an artistic milliner, is a favourite tone in millinery. I seem to have met the shade on some faces in an icy east wind, but nowhere else in Nature. The lady in question was disposed to take it seriously, however, and when I advanced that "proboscis pink" or "bear-eyed blue" would be equally reminiscent of this very handkerchief weather, sadly thought I was taking the latest nuances in hat-ribbon too frivolously—with, it must be allowed, some show of reason.

If any one of my expansively minded friends is consumed with the desire of bestowing a Christmas present, I could wish that he or she (though less likely to be the latter) would wend his or

her way to Wilson and Gill's new show-rooms at 139 and 141, Regent Street, where novelties and new devices have been got together for the forthcoming season. Besides a display of artistic jewellery, there is an abundant show of new departures in plated and silver ware of which the most difficult and fastidious taste cannot fail to approve. Amongst the newest and best effects in gem-work, one noticed a dainty diamond fan with pendent pearl tassels in the form of a brooch, an exquisitely set rosebud spray-brooch in diamonds, only twenty pounds. Some splendid half-hoop bracelets in pearl and diamond glittered alluringly in their velvet cases, while necklets and tiaras of every imagined form and price were each awaiting their destiny. Simple yet charming designs in pearl necklets were to be had from seven and eight pounds, and there was a pearl and diamond "festoon" necklet which for fifty-five pounds seemed invitingly inexpensive and exquisite. Those large rings with a big ruby or sapphire surrounded by diamonds, like that worn by the Queen on Coronation Day, are becoming increasingly fashionable. Some splendid specimens are on view at Wilson and Gill's; also of diamond hair-pins with jewelled points, which are a great vogue for low-dressed hair. Every woman who does not own a gold purse wants one, and the gem-set gold chain-purses at Wilson and Gill's are especially seductive.

Amongst the silver ware at Wilson and Gill's, a case of six Staffordshire cups and saucers, with pierced silver mounts, was obviously suitable for a gift-giving occasion, and a syphon stand in first quality electro-plate was very cheap for one and a-half guineas. In real silver, pierced bottle-stands are obtainable for fifty-five shillings, and numberless black coffee-sets in new designs combined luxury and utility to the last degree. Amongst elegant trifles for the toilet-table was a pierced silver jewel-case, shaped as such and here reproduced, while crystal cameo cut vases, in exceedingly handsome silver stands, proclaimed the high-water mark of modern art as applied to domestic decoration. Wilson and Gill's catalogue is a most instructive synopsis of their stock and can be had on application.

SYBIL.

The photographs used to illustrate Mr. Bensusan's article on "Wild-fowl Decoys" last week were taken on the Marsh House Decoy in Essex, by permission of Mr. William Sewell, of Tillingham Hall, Southminster, the proprietor. Mr. Sewell has a very fine collection of rare birds that have been taken round the decoy in the past two or three decades, including a perfect specimen of the Great Bustard.



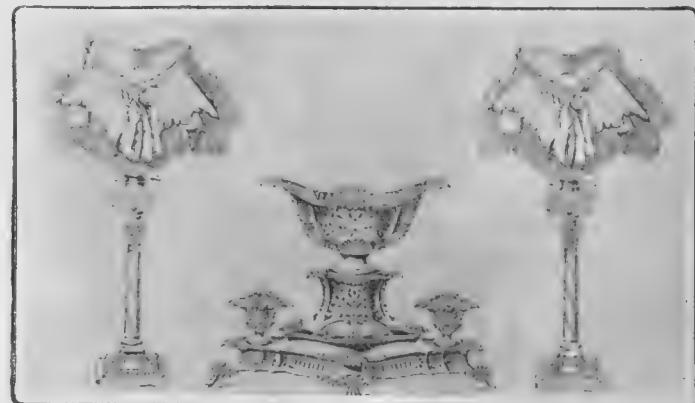
CRYSTAL CAMEO VASE IN SILVER STAND.

PIERCED SILVER JEWEL-CASE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

ARTISTIC JEWELLERY.
The Association of Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths, Limited, of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C., have introduced a new fashion in jewellery, since diamonds have so risen in price. These ornaments are composed of real gems, and are, perhaps, more artistic than the usual diamond ornaments. A few examples are illustrated on page c of this number. At the top of the page on the left is a very fine pendant forming a brooch, having in its centre a beautiful peridot in a lovely antique setting. Set with diamonds, the price of this is only fifty guineas. Under this there is a beautiful amethyst, olivine, pearl, and white enamel pendant, price ten guineas. At the top of the page is a bracelet composed of Baroque pearls and turquoises, large oval pieces enclosed in cages of gold-work; this choice specimen costs only eight guineas. Underneath is a very pretty amethyst and pearl necklace in filigree gold setting, which you may obtain for seventy-five shillings. Another really lovely specimen is a very *recherché* necklace, the stones of which are pink, yellow, and blue sapphires, red and pink tourmalines, Oriental topazes, peridots, and jacinths, set in eighteen-carat gold and white enamel. One must not forget to mention the beautiful little miniature illustrated. This is surrounded with jewels and forms an attractive pendant. The Association undertake to reduce and reproduce in enamel on copper (which is permanent) any photograph and mount same with jewels representing the natal month.

Mr. David Day has been the recipient of two presentations the inscriptions on which speak for themselves. The first is a magnificent sterling silver centrepiece, with a pair of sterling silver lamps, engraved: "To Mr. David Day, in Recognition of his Services to Musical Copyright, from Publishers, Composers, Authors, and Artistes, November 11th, 1902." The second is a carved walnut cabinet,



SILVER CENTREPIECE AND LAMPS.



A CARVED WALNUT CABINET FITTED WITH SILVER PLATE.

PRESENTED TO MR. DAVID DAY IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES TO MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 9.

THE LAST ACCOUNT.

THE last Account has been typical of many that have preceded it, and, we fear, of some that are to follow. Business has been very small, and severe depression has been followed by a certain amount of recovery. For the moment, at any rate, it looks as if Kaffirs had touched bottom; but, as African Mines and American



A MEXICAN TOBACCO PLANTATION: THE LEAF GROWING.

Photograph by José Leonel Silva.

Rails move a good bit in sympathy, and as, also, the position in Wall Street is so mysterious that it would be folly to try and anticipate events, there is the risk of the American canker-spot making once more things unpleasant, and we fully expect that, before Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa comes to an end, we shall see more than one severe spasm in Kaffirs. As we said last week, the wise man will buy on each considerable fall and be content to take his small profit on the inevitable reaction.

At one time it looked very black in the Kaffir Circus, and only with the greatest difficulty could a price for even any of the leading shares be obtained; but the big houses could not allow a collapse to take place, and on Tuesday some informal agreement was made between three or four of them to give the necessary support. The effect was almost instantaneous, and what looked like an ugly smash was turned into almost a cheerful position, while, as we write, it looks as if the improvement may well be carried further.

The meeting of Millar's Karri and Jarrah Forests marks the successful carrying out of the amalgamation scheme among the hardwood Companies of Western Australia, and the combine, of which we gave full details in the summer, may now be considered as an accomplished fact.

The exact position is that the new Company, controlled by the old Millar Board, has been formed to absorb the eight amalgamating concerns, the powers to transfer the lands and assets of all the Companies have gone out to Perth, and notice has been received in the majority of cases that everything is in order and merely awaiting a cablegram to be completed. Within the next fortnight the new Company will be in possession of the great bulk of its property, and the purchase price in shares and debentures will be in course of distribution among the proprietors of the old concerns.

HOME RAILS.

In the marked depression of the last few weeks Home Rails have stood up in a remarkable manner. This has in a great measure been the result of satisfactory traffics, and there can be no doubt that nearly all the lines will be able to show a much more satisfactory position at the beginning of 1903 than was the case last January. Compared with the lowest point touched this year, present quotations indicate about a 10 per cent. improvement; for instance, Brighton "A," which was 123, is now 136; London and North-Western, 157½, now 168; and so on with nearly all the leading lines. The North-Western traffic already shows an increase of £204,000, the Great Western of £128,000, the South-Western of £101,000, while of the passenger lines the Brighton has gained £56,000, and the South-Eastern and Chatham £53,000.

That there are troubles ahead, in the shape of continually increasing wages, competition with electric trams, and the canker of ever-increasing capital accounts, it would be idle to deny, but, despite these things, the improvement in price has been well justified, and we would rather be buyers than sellers of Home Rails for investment purposes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mexico is an interesting country, and this week we are able to give a couple of illustrations of the great tobacco plantations of Messrs. Balsa Hermanos. The leaf is here grown on a very large scale, and the export of cigars under the brand of "La Prueba" to this country alone

has reached the enormous figure of twelve millions annually. Many thousands of acres are in a high state of cultivation and devoted only to tobacco, while, in addition to the export of cigars, vast quantities of leaf are sent to Europe. We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Ainsworth, of St. Mary Axe (agent for Messrs. Balsa Hermanos in this country), for the loan of the photographs.

GRAND TRUNKS AND CANADAS.

While a halt has been called to the bounding rise of Grand Trunk stocks, it is useful to seize the chance of reviewing the situation during the interval. For some reason or other, it would seem as though the market had again fallen under the malevolent influence of Yankees, and that Trunk prices are to be advanced or depressed in accordance with the tune which Wall Street calls in regard to American quotations. The people at the back of the recent jump are standing somewhat aloof, and are by no means as ready to come forward for the support of their market as they were a few weeks ago. Another feature of the Trunk position is, that although the traffics continue as satisfactory as ever, the bulls always take advantage of even the best figures to sell. This occurs week after week, and it is probable that the reduction in the open account is already considerable. No doubt, those who sell on the traffics are open to repurchase on any subsequent break, but the steadiness of the market gives them small opportunity for carrying out this design. Still, it must be admitted that there are far too many bulls left for the encouragement of very favourable anticipations, and a "blizzard" traffic would probably bring about a smart relapse, for those who pin their faith to the construction of a new line are well aware that no benefit can be derived from such a subsidiary for several years to come.

Canadian Pacifics, it is said, are being made the target for an organised bear raid in Wall Street, and the fall in the shares—the price was all but 150 in the summer—is ascribed to this cause. But, to put the matter on the plane of practical politics, it has to be remembered that Canadas are, after all, only a 5 per cent. stock, and it is by no means certain that the directors will declare the 6 per cent. dividend which alone would make them worthy an investor's attention at their present price. Five per cent. at 130 yields barely 4 per cent. on the money, and although we look upon the shares as an exceedingly good investment, having regard to the future of the line, it is quite possible that the price may go to 120 before it sees 150, especially if the conservative Board declines to increase the dividend. Canadas are, to our mind, much more attractive as an investment than they are as a speculation.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Trying to pierce the thin veil which now divides us from Christmas, one has a good deal of trouble in making up one's mind what to do in order to provide Christmas presents for the wife, children, and other paraphernalia. (I believe that impedimenta is the correct word, but, as my wife will probably read this, a keen regard for personal safety suggests the use of some less frank expression.) Of course, it is the Kaffir Circus that one turns his attention to at a time like this, when things are moving pretty actively, since it is only in a market in which there is a semblance of activity that profit-snatching is worth the candle. In looking into the future, in reference to the South African Market, it seems to me that the position of Kaffirs will be largely determined by the option dealing which has taken place for the end of this month. Everybody knows that the end of the year is a peculiarly favourite time for the speculator to back his fancy in the option line. Any amount of money was given for the call of shares when the market began to crumble a few weeks ago, and most of the prices have now fallen to such a level as must necessarily imply that the options will not be exercised, at all events to any great extent. And then it has to be remembered that the general Stock Exchange practice, as regards these transactions, is for the man who takes the call money to buy half the shares for the ordinary account, at the time that he does the option, as a hedge against the latter commitment. For instance, the dealer who has taken the money given by a client for the call of a thousand East Rands for the end of the year would buy five hundred shares for the usual Settlement. This is such a common practice that it may be almost called the regular rule; but, seeing that the price of East Rands has fallen so much that it is a hundred to one against the option being exercised, the jobber is left with five hundred East Rands on his hands, in keeping which there is no further use, and, consequently, he sells them at a



A MEXICAN TOBACCO PLANTATION: CURING-SHEDS.

Photograph by José Leonel Silva.

profit, if possible, but does not mind cutting a small loss on them because of the call-money which will come to him at the end of December. And it seems to me that no small part of the recent selling has been on behalf of those who, having taken money for the call of shares, bought half the number of those over which the option was made. Probably as the last Settlement of the year comes near, there will be a still further stream of sales of the same kind, and, without wishing to be considered unduly pessimistic, I should not be surprised to see a further decline take place before any decided improvement sets in.

On the other hand, it is well to recognise that the present time offers a magnificent opportunity for people to buy the best class of gold shares for putting-away purposes. I do not mean to say that it is advisable to buy such things as Wolhuter, or Knights, or Henry Nourse in order to carry them over. The absolutely sickening process of contangoing shares in a lifeless market is sufficient to try the temper of a saint; it is even too much for mine. The time infallibly comes when you get thoroughly tired of paying differences every Account day and being mulcted in heavy charges for carrying over. It is a fool's game, unless the markets are good enough to warrant the hopeful possibility of making sharp turns in a short time. Those who can afford to pay for their shares have now an opportunity which only the language of a draper's sale-circular could adequately describe, and I have no hesitation whatever in commanding the class of thing I have named as the one most likely to show a profit within the next few months.

Bullishness in reference to Home Railway stocks will probably continue up to the middle or end of January next, and I quite look forward to a time of buoyancy prior to the declaration of the dividends. So much hope is being built upon the expectation of the distributions then to be made, that disappointment seems to be on the cards when actual results become known. Recently it has become more and more the practice for bulls in any market all round the House to sell at once upon the realisation of a piece of good news. By way of illustration, one has only to point to the Grand Trunk Market, where good traffics or statements are almost invariably followed by a decline, temporary though it may be, in the price of the stocks. Thus, I should say, it will be when the Home Railway dividends come to be announced, because a good deal of the account which is being built up in that market is of the Stock Exchange order, and House men, above all others, are prone to take their profits immediately upon the fulfilment of any special hopes. A dead set has been made at the Midland by one of the financial papers, and I cannot say that the Company's stocks are any favourites of mine, but Great Western, North-Western, and North-Eastern may still be regarded as excellent speculative investments of their kind. So long as the gilt-edged departments remain stuffed up with any amount of undigested stock, so long must there be a reluctance on the part of the public to buy Home Railway Ordinary securities for investment purposes. But, since the market has felt the breath of speculation, considerations of the yield become relegated to a secondary place, and esoteric criticism as to the management of the Companies and so forth is supererogatory. But I am rather inclined to imagine that those who hang on to their stocks after the declaration of the dividends will find themselves on the wrong platform.

By the way, speaking about a platform, an oft-told tale comes to mind which, no doubt, most of my readers have heard before. Even if they have, they may not object to be reminded of the inebriated son of toil who was travelling home one night in the same carriage with a very dignified person clad in black. The latter regarded the labourer for some time with the utmost disgust, which at last found vent in speech. "Do you know where you are going to, sir?" he sternly demanded. The intoxicated one merely looked his astonishment. "Sir," went on the mentor, "you are going to Hell!" "Goo—goo—gracious!" hiccupped the man, "I must have got into the wrong train," and out he slithered onto the platform.

It is not without reason that considerable exception has been taken to the constant publication of details closely connected with the inner life of the Stock Exchange. In many cases throughout the House, this pandering to what I suppose we must call popular taste is subversive not only of the dignity, but of the interests of the Stock Exchange as a whole. A man is censured for some more or less trivial breach of House regulations, and the notice duly appears on the Committee Board. The day after, possibly even on the same day, the newspapers come out with the news of the case, which probably has nothing to do with the public whatever. It is urged that the Stock Exchange partakes something of the nature of a private Club, the doings of which should be considered as exclusively the property of its own members, and I don't think I am wrong in saying that these views will be cordially endorsed by the majority of House men. Certainly it is a great pity that the domestic life of the Stock Exchange should have been so ruthlessly thrown open to the public gaze. Of course, I am not saying, for a minute, that matters appertaining to Capel-Court should be wrapped in mystery or secrecy, but there is a difference between this and a rabid scenting out of all sorts and kinds of details connected with what I have called the inner working of the House. Naturally, as the list of membership grows ever larger, and the number of clerks admitted swells in proportion, there must become a more general diffusion of knowledge concerning the House amongst the general public, and this, in its way, is innocuous enough; but there the matter ought to stop, and there, it is to be hoped, it will stop when certain members come to learn that the dignity of the House is not served by the repetition of any gossip that happens to come to their ears with regard to Stock Exchange affairs.

Needless to say, these pernicious thoughts are not the outcome of the discussion now raging in the newspapers, and in the House as well, with regard to the marriage of bargains, a subject upon which I must reserve my weighty remarks. If I run over my usual column, it may be, dear reader, you will then get even more tired than you are already of

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 22, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

K. P.—Why send short stories to the City Editor? Is it too much trouble to read the directions at the head of the Correspondence Column? The manuscript has been handed to the Editor, to whom it ought to have been sent.

VERITAS.—The shares are a long way off any dividend, and we think many better long shots might be found; but the Company is progressive and has a young Chairman and also a young Manager.

IVANHOE.—We should approve of the suggested change, but should prefer, at the prices now ruling, Rand Mines and Barnato Consolidated.

RUSTICUS EXPECTUM.—The four securities you send us are not bad. The Bank is first-rate, and the Brazilian Railway also good. We suggest you buy Interoceanic of Mexico Railway Prior Lien bonds, and, if you want something speculative for part of the money, Leopoldina shares, of which we hear good accounts, or, for income alone, *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference shares.

Y. Z.—(1) The yield on C. P. R. is about 3½ per cent., and on Union Pacifics £3 18s. 6d. We should look on the former as the least speculative of the two. See this week's Notes. (2) The price of Cape Coppers to a large extent depends on the price of the metal. The yield varies considerably. It was for 1896, 4s. 6d.; 1897, 5s. 6d.; 1898, 9s. 6d.; 1899, 12s.; 1900, 18s.; 1901, 15s.; and, so far for 1902, 8s.

MARKLAN.—We do not think you are likely to get your money back in any of your Jungles, which are a bad lot; and as to the Dredging Company, we have no faith in it.

E. B.—We have little faith in the Company or the people connected with it; but, if you are in, you might hold on for better times.

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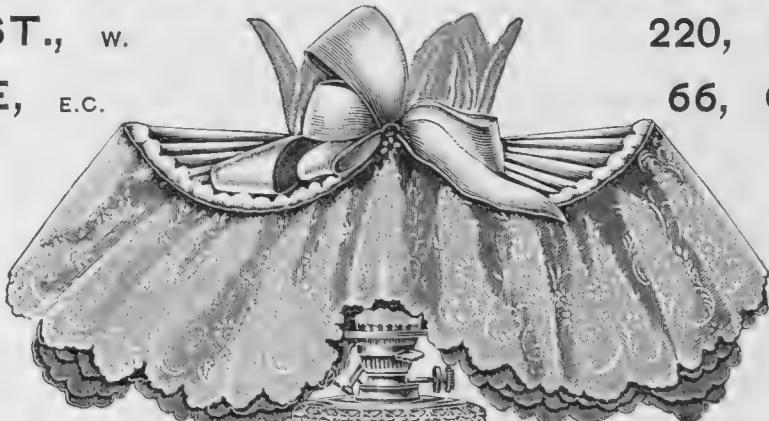
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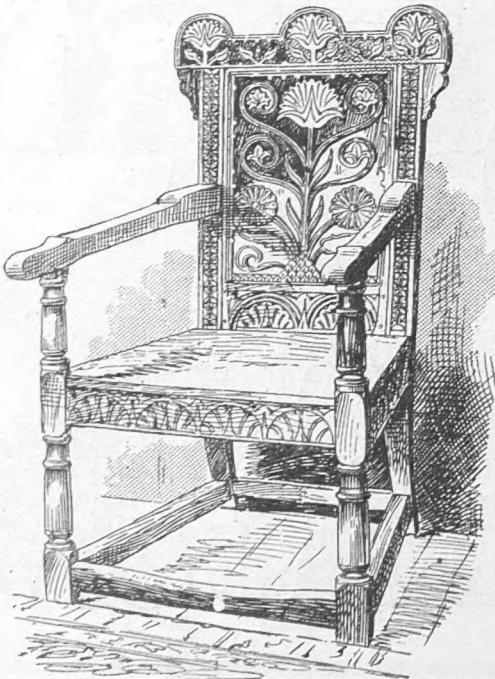
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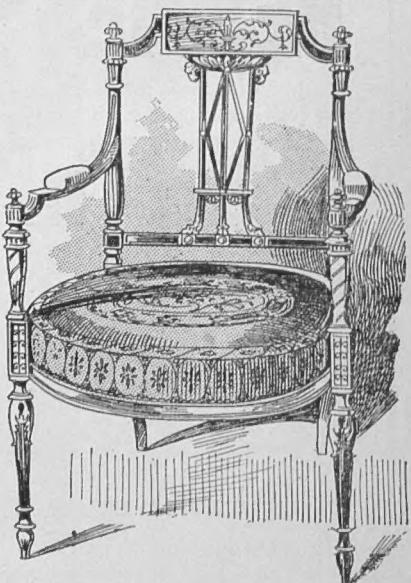
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*Letter forwarded to us by
Mr. Pound.*

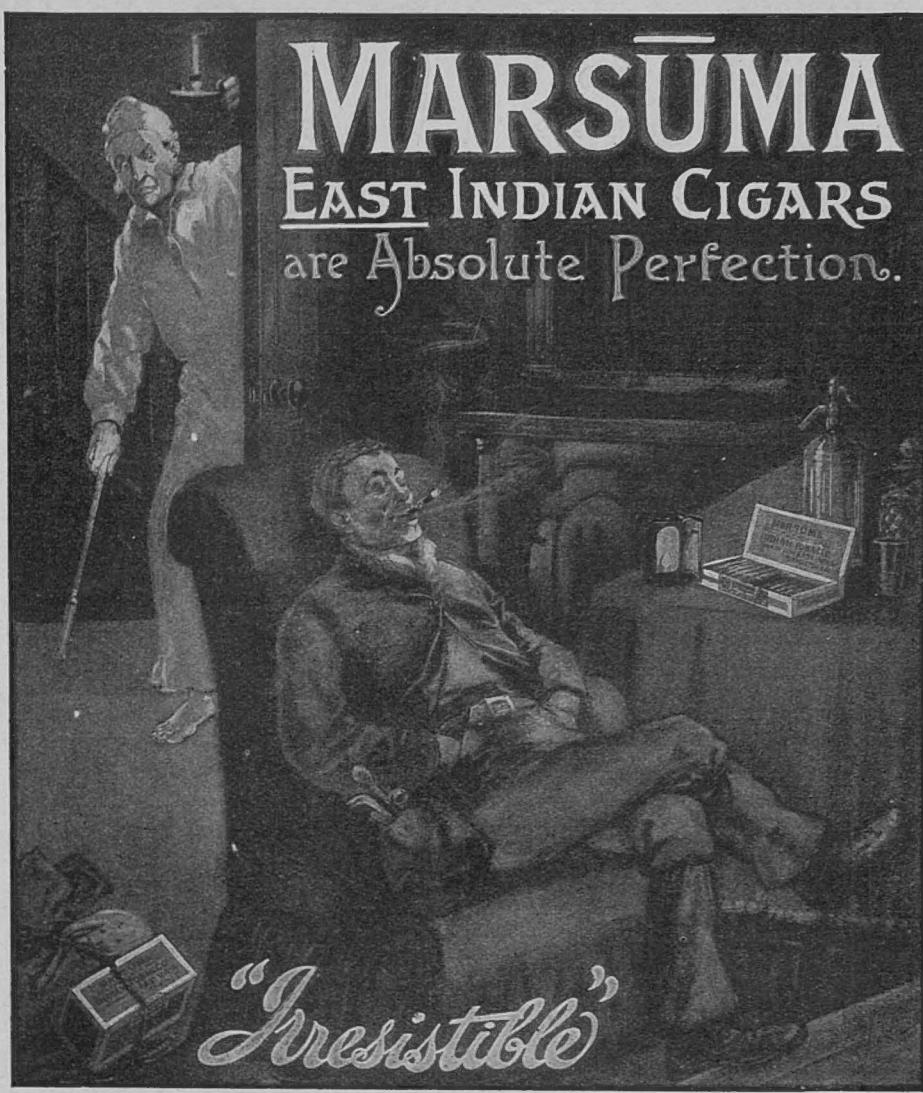
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Union Club, Westward Ho,
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and at the present price you ought
to do a good business with them.

"Yours faithfully,
"G. M. MOLESWORTH,
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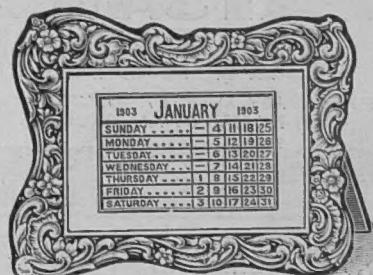
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"Sirs,—Lord Kitchener desires me to express to you his thanks for the cigars you kindly sent him, and which he is much enjoying.

"Yours truly,
"F. A. MAXWELL, Capt."

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writes—

"Elm Court, Babacombe,
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"F. HOLE."

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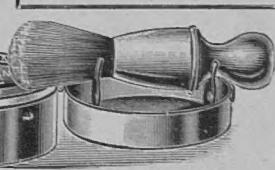
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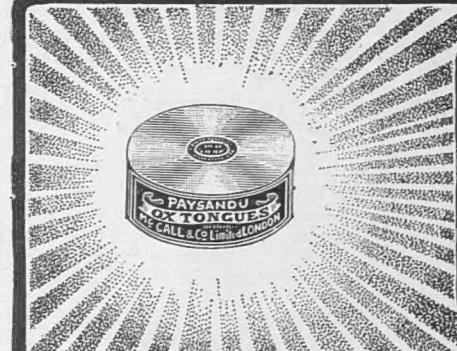
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